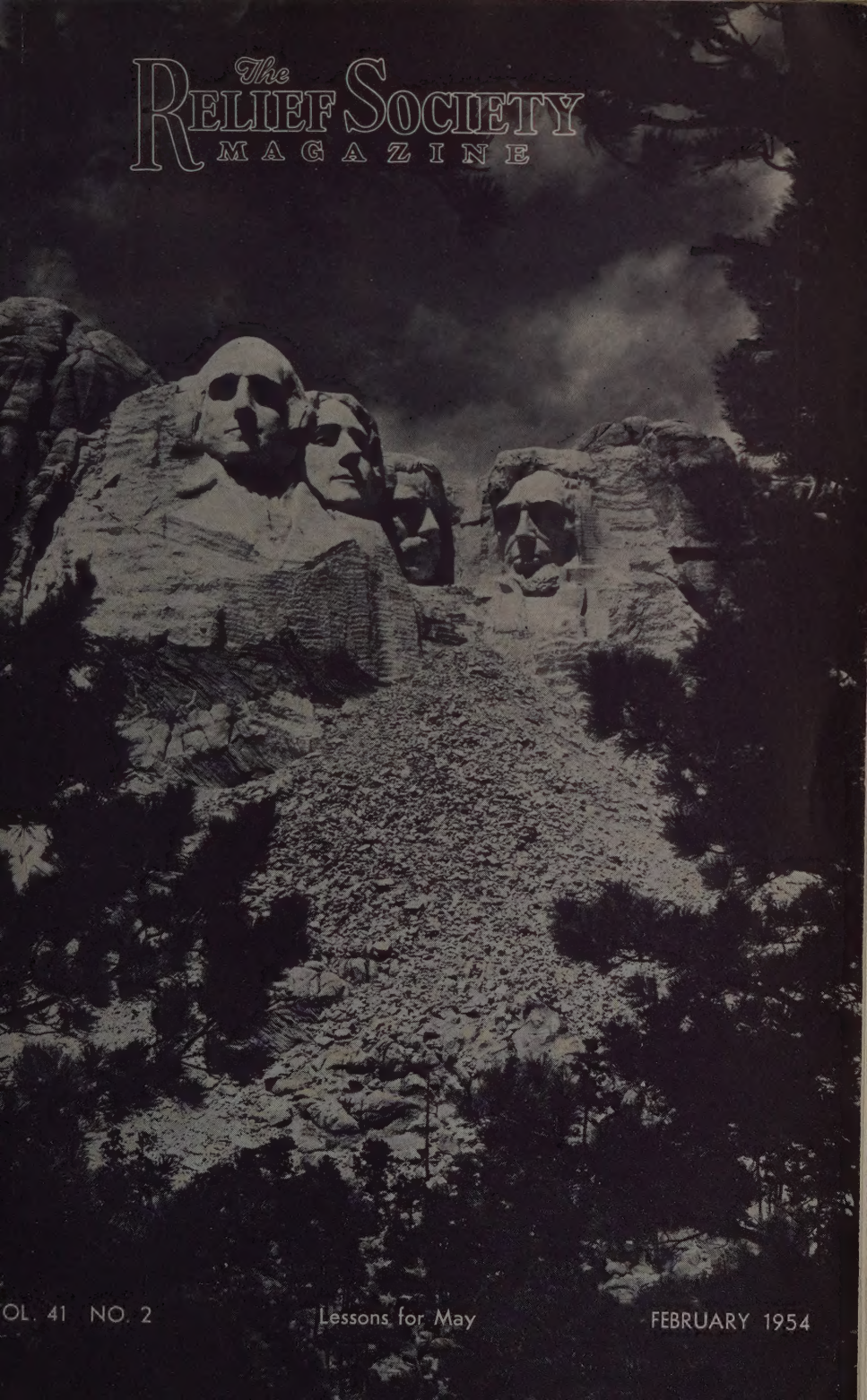
The Relief Society Magazine



VOL. 41 NO. 2

Lessons for May

FEBRUARY 1954

Glacier Mountain

Hazel Loomis

Ye peaks that wait in chaste white robes!
Ye patriarchs of stone and star!
Ye guardians of the stark white heights!
Who knows the depth of shadows in your walls?
Out of thy silence,
Glacier,
Speak!

From out thy miles of lofty silence,
No song of bird, no whisper note,
No sound of earth-weight groaning,
No shifting of cold-washed stone.
And yet with earth's most ancient words
A glacier
Speaks

Thy voice, oh, mountain, like mist rises;
And soft, it falls, as snow upon the fawn.
No sound of torrents, no waves dashing,
No rocks breaking on thy shores. Only peace . . . .
And I, a prodigal, come home . . . to hear
in tones of silence
A glacier
Song.

The Cover: Rushmore National Memorial, Black Hills, South Dakota
Photograph by Josef Muench
Frontispiece: Yosemite Valley, California
Photograph by David Gardner
Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

I consider it an honor to appear in such a fine Magazine. I enjoy so much the material in its pages. Many of the stories are excellent, and I consider the poetry of the finest. I am enjoying the articles "First Ladies of Our Land," by Elsie C. Carroll, and the fine articles on the life of President David O. McKay by Jeanette McKay Morrell.

—Myrtle M. Dean
Provo, Utah

I feel I should write saying how thrilled I am getting *The Relief Society Magazine*. I love to read the stories in it and the lessons, and it seems to me that in every way it is a publication worthy of a Relief Society organized by the true Prophet of God.

—Maude H. Begay
Kaibeto Store
Tonalea, Arizona

The lovely poetry in our *Magazine* always gives me a great deal of pleasure. I usually read "Woman's Sphere" and a few of the poems before I settle myself to reading the rest of the articles.

—Mrs. Bertha F. Cozzens
Powell, Wyoming

I would like to take this opportunity to express my appreciation for *The Relief Society Magazine*. When I was residing in the "States" I was always interested in the contributions from the lands across the seas, never dreaming that one day I, too, would be in the "From Near and Far" department. It is a wonderful feeling to walk into a group of strange people, miles from home, and know that you are one with them, for that is the reception I received from the good sisters in the Liverpool Branch. I had read of their activities in the *Magazine*, now they are my activities, also. The *Magazine* is a link with home. I enjoy every page and certainly don't want to miss a copy.

—Mrs. Virginia Gott
Burtonwood, Lancashire.
England

As a past Relief Society president and literature leader, I have the deepest love and respect for the organization's *Magazine*. We have recently moved from Salt Lake City to Baldwin Park, California. It has been an inspiration and a testimony to us to be welcomed and accepted among the Latter-day Saints here in such a short time. It makes us realize that the work we are engaged in is truly all encompassing.

—Margaret B. Coombs
Baldwin Park, California

I enjoy reading the wonderful stories and articles in the *Magazine*, also the poetry. I enjoy Relief Society work very much and one day decided to try to write a few lines in appreciation:

"Charity never faileth"
Has ever been your creed.
You comfort the sad and lonely
And provide for those in need.

Seek knowledge, honor womanhood,
Love beauty, truth, and light—
These and other virtues
You have taught with all your might.

Now, as we view your accomplishments
Of all the years gone by,
We know you were inspired
By him who dwells on high.

So may God guard, protect, and guide you
And all your daughters fine;
May the glorious work continue
Until the end of time.

—Maud Hyer
Lewiston, Utah

I just received the July issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, and, as always, have enjoyed it thoroughly. May I take this opportunity to tell you how much the *Magazine* has meant to me here in Central America. For two years it has been my only link with Relief Society. The beautiful poems, stories, messages from the Authorities, and the lessons are truly soul inspiring, and I am very grateful for each issue.

—Rachel Greenland
Sucursal, Salvador

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

RELIEF SOCIETY GENERAL BOARD

Belle S. Spafford - - - - - - President
Marianne C. Sharp - - - - - First Counselor
Velma N. Simonsen - - - - - Second Counselor
Margaret C. Pickering - - - - - Secretary-Treasurer

Mary G. Judd, Anna B. Hart, Edith S. Elliott, Florence J. Madsen, Leone G. Layton, Blanche B. Stoddard, Evon W. Peterson, Leone O. Jacobs, Mary J. Wilson, Louise W. Madsen, Aleine M. Young, Josie B. Bay, Christine H. Robinson, Alberta H. Christensen, Nellie W. Neal, Mildred B. Eyring, Helen W. Anderson, Gladys S. Boyer, Charlotte A. Larsen, Edith P. Backman, Winniefred S. Manwaring, Elna P. Haymond

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor - - - - - - - - - - Marianne C. Sharp
Associate Editor - - - - - - - - - Vesta P. Crawford
General Manager - - - - - - - - - Belle S. Spafford

Vol. 41 FEBRUARY 1954 NO. 2

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

"Feast Upon the Words of Christ" — Louise W. Madsen 76
In Memoriam — Matthew Cowley — or the Man of Many Friends — Spencer W. Kimball 78
Social Activities in Relief Society — Blanche B. Stoddard 88
To Washington — Lucille Waters Mattson 107

FICTION

"Beside the Still Waters" — Second Prize Story — Mary Ek Knowles 81
Valentine for Susan — Dorothy Oakley Rea 92
The Right Touch — Cecil Pugmire 101
The Deeper Melody—Chapter 5 — Alice Morrey Bailey 112

GENERAL FEATURES

From Near and Far — 74
Sixty Years Ago — 96
Woman's Sphere — Ramona W. Cannon 97
Editorial: "Forgetting Self" — Vesta P. Crawford 98
Birthday Greetings to Former President Amy Brown Lyman — 99
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities — Margaret C. Pickering 117

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

Hobbies Help to Keep Her Young (Lillie Walker) — 106
From Cedar Chest to Dressing Table — Clara Laster 108
The Finest Career of All — Pauline M. Henderson 110
Lost Mittens? — Elizabeth Williamson 111

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology: Alma, Son of Alma — Leland H. Monson 124
Visiting Teacher Messages: "Seek Not to Counsel the Lord, But to Take Counsel From His Hand" — Leone O. Jacobs 128
Literature: Charlotte Bronte — Briant S. Jacobs 132

POETRY

Glacier Mountain—Frontispiece — Hazel Loomis 73
In Tune — Anna H. Michie 80
Heart Tones — Ida Isaacson 91
For Such As This — Pansye H. Powell 100
Valentine for Rosemary — Ethel Jacobson 105
Forever the Dream — Mary Gustafson 105
Frost — Lucy Woolley Brown 106
Bread — Christie Lund Coles 107
Late Blizzard — Maryhale Woolsey 107
Day's End — Gertrude T. Kovan 109
Because of Me — Bertha A. Kleinman 123
Cycle — Louise Morris Kelley 131

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 40 North Main, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, Phone 4-2511; Subscriptions 246; Editorial Dept. 245. Subscription Price: $1.50 a year; foreign, $2.00 a year; payable in advance. Single copy, 15c. The **Magazine** is not sent after subscription expires. No back numbers can be supplied. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Manuscripts will not be returned unless return postage is enclosed. Rejected manuscripts will be retained for six months only. **The Magazine** is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts.

"Feast Upon the Words of Christ"

Louise W. Madsen
Member, General Board of Relief Society

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 1, 1953]

Wherefore, I said unto you, feast upon the words of Christ; for behold, the words of Christ will tell you all things what ye should do (2 Nephi 32:3).

HOW plain, how simple, yet how wonderful are those few words, and how great is the promise contained therein. How satisfying is the security of knowing exactly where to find guidance for all that we do. "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid," for "the words of Christ will tell you all things what ye should do."

Now, the words of Christ are many, and are found in several volumes of scripture, but if we search diligently, always, we will find the answer to that which we seek. It is there in plainness, but, if perchance, we do not fully comprehend, the Lord "giveth light unto the understanding" of those who ask him for it.

Nephi places squarely on our shoulders the responsibility of knowing what the "words of Christ" mean.

Wherefore, now after I have spoken these words, if ye cannot understand them it will be because ye ask not, neither do ye knock; wherefore, ye are not brought into the light, but must perish in the dark (2 Nephi 32:4).

And James says it this way: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him" (James 1:5). We, of all people, know that this procedure brings results, assuming, of course, that we prayerfully and worthily ask of God. Nephi, having had the same experience as the Prophet Joseph Smith, in asking for and receiving information, says: "Yea, I know that God will give liberally to him that asketh. Yea, my God will give me, if I ask not amiss."

Concerning the word of God, one of the most beautiful and meaningful visions ever vouchsafed to man was given to Lehi. He stood by a tree, the fruit of which he found "desirable to make one happy," for, as he ate of it, his soul was filled with peace and joy unspeakable. Near the tree, a great river, muddy and filthy, rolled turbulently along. The head of the river could be seen in the distance, and from it to the tree was a straight, narrow path, bordered by a rod of iron to which one could hold and thus avoid falling into the river. Across the river was a great concourse of people "many of whom were pressing forward, that they might obtain the path which led unto the tree." And as they gained the path, great mists of darkness arose, insomuch that many who had found the path were lost and wandered away in the darkness. But those who came forth and caught hold of the rod of iron, and clung to it through the mists, and followed it tenaciously, were able to reach and partake of the fruit of the tree.

The explanation of the vision was given through inspiration. The

tree shown to the prophet was the tree of life, and its fruit the salvation of the soul. Of the rod of iron it is written:

> That it was the word of God; and whoso would hearken unto the word of God, and would hold fast unto it, they would never perish; neither could the temptations and the fiery darts of the adversary overpower them unto blindness, to lead them away to destruction (I Nephi 15:24).

The river of foul waters typified the great gulf separating "the wicked from the tree of life, and also from the saints of God." The mists of darkness were the temptations of Satan.

THE present is an age characterized by great mists of darkness and evil, and we need to be concerned with clinging to the rod of iron, and the word of God. We must hold fast to the rod, for the mists of darkness are dense and confusing; and it is easy to let go, and slip and slide and fall.

Not only must we feast upon the words of Christ and keep a firm hand on the rod of iron, but we, as mothers and members of Relief Society, must be "doers of the word" (James 1.22). The purpose of the Lord in placing us on this earth is to see if we will do all things he has commanded us to do.

It is not enough to read and study about the gospel of Jesus Christ, but we must actually live and do his word and his work. Obedience to Christ's words must often be in the form of action. There are many things that we must do for him, for our fellow men, and for ourselves; as there are sins of omission fully as wrong as sins of commission . . . "to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin" (James 4:17).

Our Father in heaven helps us extensively when we try to do right.

> And if it so be that the children of men keep the commandments of God he doth nourish them, and strengthen them, and provide means whereby they can accomplish the thing which he has commanded them (I Nephi 17:3).

Obedience, then, may be said to be the first law of heaven. It is that obedience that the Lord requires of us, upon which all our blessings are predicated. Obedience is a source of power, enabling us to do the will of God, much as is prayer a source of power. In obedience lies happiness. We remember that at one period the Nephites were living in great righteousness and obeying the commandments, and the historian stated that the people "lived after the manner of happiness" (2 Nephi 5:27).

The world needs to be taught righteousness, and is best taught by the word and example of those who know the words of Christ and do the will of the Father. Surely the more than 140,000 women, members of Relief Society, living with this in mind, can influence the lives and actions of many!

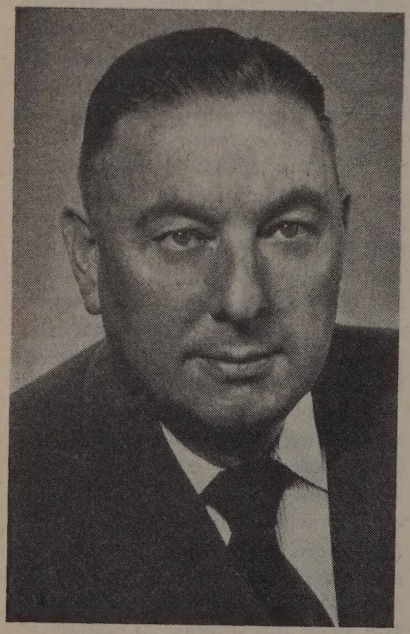
When we have done these things, then we may truly pray with Nephi, "O Lord, wilt thou encircle me around in the robe of thy righteousness!" (2 Nephi 4:33).

That we may all be so encircled in the robe of righteouness because we have feasted upon the words of Christ and thereby know all things what we should do, is my prayer.

In Memoriam —
Matthew Cowley, or The Man of Many Friends

(August 2, 1897—December 13, 1953)

Elder Spencer W. Kimball
Of the Council of the Twelve



ELDER MATTHEW COWLEY

IF A DESCENDANT of Lehi were coining a descriptive name for Elder Matthew Cowley as is the custom, he might likely call him The Man of Many Friends.

The Tabernacle full of loving folks at his funeral spoke silent but eloquent testimony to the love which this great apostle drew from his many friends who came long distances to pay tribute.

Brother Cowley had a pattern all his own. No other was like him. With a meeting finished he often picked up his hat and coat and wandered down the block. He stopped at the small cleaning shop, the candy counter, at the elevator, or paused on the sidewalk to talk to people who were not often touched by others, and when he left them they who had been discouraged were smiling, and they who had been groping in darkness at midday had taken a firmer hand-hold.

The Lord exhorted his people to extend invitations to dinner, not to friends, kinsmen, and rich neighbors who could return the favor, but to invite the "poor, the maimed, the lame, and the blind," and those who were less able to recompense. This admonition, our brother Matthew took seriously to heart. The humor of his stories, the twinkle in his eye, the sincere interest and concern he manifested, all warmed the heart and stirred the resolve. The man who had lost his way now had firmer grip; the estranged one forgave and deserved forgiveness; the lonesome

one now had a friend; and the foreign born now felt he had a countryman.

The Savior's parable of the ninety and nine was a part of Elder Cowley's philosophy. He found that the ratio was not one but many to a hundred, and every day his footsteps led him to the stumbling one whose walk became stable by the lift given. He gave vision; he stiffened backbones and strengthened determinations.

Elder Cowley was eloquent. Someone had urged him years ago to perfect his speech, and with determined effort, he had mastered a vocabulary of rich and expressive yet unostentatious words. His voice was strong and penetrating, his diction impressive, and people listened and absorbed his messages. He commended righteousness and attacked abuses.

The missionaries who came under his leadership in New Zealand returned home inspired and set. Almost without exception they have remained true to the faith and continued active in the Church. If a member of this close-knit society met sorrow, misfortune, or tragedy the entire group was at his side with their former president in the center. There were groceries as well as prayers.

BROTHER COWLEY loved and was loved by the Lehites in both the Americas and on all the islands. He was their champion. They felt in a very real sense that he accepted them as friend and brother. He spoke their language, ate their food, sang their songs, and dreamed their dreams. He walked lei-covered in flower gardens with the Hawaiians, sat shoe-less on the floor with the Japanese, climbed the ladder to the top of the stone house of the Hopi, fraternized with the Navajo in his hogan, and sat cross-legged in the thatched roof home of the Maori. In the islands the people near worship him. They met the plane or boat with smiling faces, and they sang their farewell songs with tearful hearts as he left their shores. Peace had settled down upon them and they would live closer to their Maker now that their loved leader had stirred their thoughts and warmed their souls again.

Tumauki Cowley, the Maoris called him. This meant, great leader, big chief, or president. This was his title favored by him, and he glowed when they referred to him thusly, and as they saw the blind seeing, the lame walking, and the sick recovered through the power of the Lord under his hand of faith, they regarded their Tumauki as the Polynesian prophet. To them he spoke "as one having authority."

The apostle had real prestige in New Zealand not only among the Church members but among the natives generally and the Europeans, the politicians, and even the clerics of other faiths. With sectarian ministers and priests and others, he was invited to participate in a national meeting to consider the welfare of the native people. Elder Cowley was called upon to speak first in the initial meeting, and he was requested to speak in the Maori language as the leaders wished to show how perfectly a non-native could master the language when he was sufficiently in-

terested in them. He spoke fluently and eloquently in Maori, then in English. Then, on the last day of the conference, he was the only speaker. His clear and sensible plan of welfare and individual initiative for his adopted people brought hearty approval, and he was asked by Parliament officials to use their facilities and draft a program in line with his suggestions. In a couple of days he had drawn up a document which Parliament adopted and made law.

He urged the people to retain their language and all that was good of their traditions, arts, crafts, customs, and to perpetuate their wood carving and weaving for future generations.

The death of their friend and advocate President Rufus K. Hardy brought sorrow to the islanders who said in their loneliness that they were without "a friend in court," when Rahiri Harris, a prominent Maori, stopped them short and predicted: "Tumauki Cowley will be the next apostle." At the next general conference, October 1945, Matthew Cowley was called to the apostleship.

When I think of Matt (as we affectionately called him) I thing of the Good Samaritan at rescue work on the road to Jericho; I remember the woman caught in sin subject to stoning, concerning whom the Redeemer said, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone"; I envision the little Nephite children being blessed in the arms of the Master; and I think of the vision to Peter extending the gospel to all peoples of the earth.

Though I had never met Brother Cowley when he was made a member of our council, I needed only one trip to Hawaii with him to develop a deep admiration for his great but simple faith and a sincere affection which I am sure will last through eternities.

In June

Anna H. Michie

Awake, oh, my soul, awake!
Cast off the lowly sod;
Knowest thou not that thou art come
From a wise and gracious God?

Attune, oh, my soul, attune!
Receive of eternal light.
Walk thou with wisdom, faith, and truth
Through the darkness of earthly night.

Arise, oh, my soul, arise!
Cast off the shackles of earth.
Dwell thou in the infinite love
Of thy God who gave thy spirit birth.

Second Prize Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

"Beside the Still Waters"

Mary Ek Knowles

MARY EK KNOWLES

NATHANIAL Wellman wakened slowly that morning, and for a short, wonderful time he thought he was home in the big bed in the east bedroom. Any moment now, Sultan would crow that the day had begun, and the sun would spread a coat of pale gold on the window sill.

He lay there, eyes closed, and he smelled the lusty spring of newly plowed fields, the smells of horses and hay and the barnyard. He thought, got to get up now. Have to plow today. He opened his eyes then. He saw the five white iron beds in the ward, the thin old men who occupied them, and disappointment hit him like a blow.

His farm was gone. Ruby Paul, Amy's husband, had stolen it from him. He was in a six-bed ward in a charity home for aged men. He, Nathanial Wellman, who had owned the finest farm in the state, who had always paid his debts and been a respected figure in the community.

If only he could use his hands he'd be out of here and making his own way! Eighty wasn't old for a Wellman! Nathanial held his hands up and looked at them. They were large hands, but the fingers were twisted out of shape with rheumatism. He tried to rub them together, hoping to get the blood circulating, but after a few desperate attempts he let them drop onto the coverlet.

He lay there thinking of Ruby Paul and hating him. He thought angrily, Couldn't you see what Ruby was like inside, Amy? And then anger towards his daughter drained out of him. Poor little Amy! So trusting that she couldn't believe anyone she loved could be dishonest, and she had been blindly in love with Ruby.

Nathanial took a letter from the drawer of his bedside table. He sat there holding it in his big, twisted

hands, but he didn't read it. He knew what it said. "Forgive me, Father . . . I didn't realize . . . ."

Yes, he had forgiven long ago, but not soon enough, he thought with regret. For a time he had returned all her letters unopened. This letter with an Illinois address had come six years later. By then he was no longer angry, he only wanted to see her, to learn how Ruby was treating her, and he had eagerly opened the letter.

It was a short, pitiful little letter, and he could tell she was not well, not happy. He had answered immediately, but the letter had been returned unopened with *deceased* written across the envelope.

If only he hadn't put the deed to the farm in her name that time when he thought he was dying of pneumonia! If only he hadn't taken that trip east and left Amy home attending college. When he came back Amy had eloped with Ruby, and the farm was sold! No doubt Ruby had told her, "We'll sell the farm and put the money in an equity for your father, so when he's old he won't have to work!" There had been nothing he could do. Her signature was legal and binding!

HE replaced the letter in a drawer. He believed there had been a child. Ruby's child! he thought. No kin of mine! Yes, he forgave, but oh, if he could have only one more spring on the farm, even one more day to spend in the sunshine!

His spirits drooped. Why wish for the impossible. "Count your blessings, Nathanial. Every day tell your gratitude to God." That was what John Lincoln who was past ninety and had the room downstairs was always telling him. "Be grateful for a roof over your head and food and clean clothes and shoes on your feet. Be grateful for a bed at the end of the ward with a window you can open or close as you please."

Nathanial bowed his head. He prayed silently, "Oh, God, I am grateful this day for my many blessings . . . ."

He looked out the window. He saw the brick wall of the laundry and the steam coming out the vent. There was nothing of spring here. It had come to him through the open window from twenty miles away.

He stood up. He was a tall man, still straight and erect as one of the stately poplar trees that had lined his driveway. By force of will he tried to lift his spirits. He would dress and go out in the sun before breakfast. There was a patch of lawn in front of the home. He would water that. With his two hands he could manage the hose if someone would turn on the tap.

He pulled on his trousers. He heard a laugh. He waited tense, knowing what would follow. It came. "The same kettle of soup!"

Nathanial turned his head. Eddie Stringer was watching from the bed across the room. His black eyes were alive with malice and mischief, his curly hair still blue black, but there was evil in his lined face and nothing in the thin, emaciated body to suggest the handsome, dashing man whose boast had been that he could dance and drink all night and never show it.

"Saint and sinner both in the same pot of stew!" Eddie laughed.

Nathanial thought wryly that here was the supreme irony of life. That of all the people he had known in his life, Eddie Stringer should be the one with whom he had to spend his last days! He hurried into his shirt, his gnarled hands more clumsy than ever in his haste, anxious to be away from Eddie and the things he would say.

"Remember when we were kids, Nat!" Eddie laughed. " 'You'd better straighten out, Eddie,' you said. 'Or you'll end up in jail!' You, working like a horse in the fields!" Eddie sat up. "Listen, all of you . . . ."

"Ah, shut up!" Cries came from the other occupants of the ward.

But Eddie paid no attention. "Nathanial lived the way the Good Book said he should, and we're both in the same kettle of soup now!"

Nathanial walked out of the ward, his shoelaces dangling. But he did not get out in time. The bitterness was in his heart. He stepped into the linen closet in the hall. He leaned his head against a shelf of towels that smelled of strong lye and soap.

"Why?" he asked himself. "Why have I come to this end along with Eddie? He never did an honest day's work in his life. He ruined the lives of all he touched. I was not perfect, but oh, I did try to live right and yet now . . . . It isn't fair!"

It was all he could do not to cry. But he held back the tears. I shall try to go to the end with dignity, he thought.

Who was he to question the Lord? He would go out and he would forget Eddie. But first there were his shoelaces to be tied. Tom Ford in the next bed always tied them, but Nathanial would not go back into the ward.

He saw the new nurse, Miss Bandy, coming down the hallway carrying a washbasin. She was tall and thin and she looked unhappy. He stood there waiting patiently. She said, "You are up and around early!"

"I thought I would water the lawn. But my shoes . . . ."

SHE looked down. "Here, let me lace and tie them for you." She laced his shoes, and he looked at the back of her neck. A few tendrils of hair had escaped from the hard, tight knot, giving her neck a young look. Miss Bandy was new here, and Nathanial had not had a chance to get acquainted with her, but he had met her type before. Lonesome women who had given up hope of love and romance.

Miss Bandy straightened. "There!" Her cheeks were flushed, and she was smiling.

He said, "Thank you. You have a very pretty mouth, Miss Bandy. And when you smile like that your whole face lights up."

"Why, thank you, Mr. Wellman." She flushed with pleasure. Nathanial knew, you make a woman feel beautiful and she becomes beautiful. She picked up the washbasin and walked away, and there was a spring in her step now.

Nathanial went into the washroom. His daily toilet took a long time. Sometimes he was tempted to forget it, and then he would re-

member that his wife, Lucy, had always praised him for his neatness.

Once he had done everything quickly, and it had not been easy to learn patience. But now he slowly and painfully washed his face and combed his thick white hair. The part was very crooked, but it was the best he could manage. He brushed his teeth. He still had all his own teeth without decay in them and he could enjoy his food. "Oh, God, for my blessings I am grateful . . . ."

He looked at his face then. What did it matter that people told him he had a good, kind face. Eddie Stringer had an evil face, and yet both of them had come to the same end.

Nathanial walked slowly down the stairs to the first floor, holding onto the banister. A moment he hesitated in the archway of the parlor. He had never had a visitor. He told himself he didn't care, but deep, deep down inside he kept hoping. Someday the matron, Mrs. Handmacher, would say, "Mr. Wellman, there is a visitor in the parlor for you."

He turned and walked down the long hall to the front door. Who would ever visit him? Amy had been the last of his family. He went outside and walked towards the hose and the patch of lawn, and knew at once it was a mistake, coming outdoors. Because again spring came to him, a lusty spring from miles away, and his heart yearned after the country, and it was not enough—a small patch of lawn.

Maybe someone could drive him out in the country. For only an hour! He had to go! He was filled with excitement, and he hurried back into the home and down the hall to Mrs. Handmacher's office. But she was very busy, going through papers, answering the telephone, telephoning the doctor. He knew then he had been selfish. There were those in the home who were ill, and needed more than a drive in the country.

HE turned and walked slowly down the lower hall. "Nathanial!" He heard his name spoken in a deep, gentle voice. "Good morning, Nathanial."

He realized then he was opposite the door to John Lincoln's room, but he did not answer the greeting. He stood there and looked at John. The old man was sitting in a chair, facing the window, his profile against the light like the head of an old coin Nathanial had once owned. It was a noble head, a noble face, the sightless eyes seeming to see into eternity.

Every day Nathanial read to John from the Bible. John said, "When you read to me, Nathanial, I can feel the still waters and see the Good Shepherd."

But today Nathanial didn't feel like reading about still waters and good shepherds. He turned and walked quietly away. It was breakfast time then, but he could not choke down the food. He got up and went into the hall and slowly walked up the stairs. He knew, then, he could not stand another day in the home.

He would go to bed, turn his face to the wall and die. He reached the second floor, and the door to his ward and stopped. He could not face Eddie again. He thought of the storage closet at the end of

the hall. It was quiet and dark, and there was in it an old rocking chair with a broken arm.

He closed the door and sat in the chair. He closed his eyes and gave a great sigh, and after awhile he sank into oblivion. When he awakened he heard the rattle of dishes on trays and knew it was lunch time.

He had not died then, he thought with wry amusement. And who are you, Nathanial Wellman, to say when you shall die? He stood up. And so God willed that he should live awhile longer, then he would try and go to the end with dignity and purpose. He would try to make the home his place "beside the still waters."

He would read to John every day. He would tell Miss Bandy how pretty she was. He would tell her every day, and finally she would believe him, and she would be beautiful and some man would see it and marry her.

He washed his face, and the cold water made his skin tingle. He ate his lunch with appetite and then he went to John's room. "Hello, John," he said.

"Are you all right, Nathanial?" John sounded anxious.

"I'm all right now, John." Nathanial could not say why, but he felt happy, as if he had a great deal to look forward to. He picked up the big Bible with its worn leather cover and its large type. "And what shall it be today, John?"

John smiled, "The Sermon on the Mount, please, Nathanial. Begin with, 'And seeing the multitude, he went up into a mountain . . . . ' " John folded his hands and waited.

So Nathanial read, and he had reached, "Rejoice, and be exceeding glad for great is your reward in heaven," when Miss Bandy appeared in the doorway. "A visitor for you, Mr. Wellman."

"For me?" Nathanial asked. And after a pause. "Who?"

She shook her head and smiled, and he saw that she was wearing lipstick and had loosened her hair a bit and already she looked happier. "I don't know. Mrs. Handmacher just said to find you and tell you there is a visitor in the parlor."

Nathanial closed the Bible and put it down. John held out his hand, and Nathanial took it, felt the warm pressure of friendship. Then, wondering, he went to the parlor.

JUST inside the archway he stopped. His young brother, Charles, was standing there, smiling at him. Charles as he had been at twenty. But Charles had been thrown from a horse and killed when he was a young man!

He said a bit shortly because he felt shaken, "I am Nathanial Wellman. You wanted to see me? Who are you?"

"I am Michael Paul, Sir."

Amy's son! With nothing of Ruby Paul about him. But all Wellman! He sank down weakly on a chair. The boy pulled up a chair and sat opposite him, and Nathanial saw that the boy sat as he sat, on the edge of the chair, with feet braced wide apart as if to get up quickly and go about his business.

He saw the hands resting on the knees, as his hands were resting, and they were broad, strong, power-

ful hands. Nathanial asked, "Where did you come from, lad?"

"Chicago, Grandfather. You don't mind if I call you that?" he asked anxiously.

Grandfather . . . the first shock had passed now and realization was deepening. He thought, this boy is my own flesh and blood. And all at once the room seemed filled with light and hope and the fresh clean smell of youth. He wanted to reach out and touch the firm, tanned flesh, feel the hardness and reality of him. "I'd like you to call me Grandfather," he said sincerely.

"I had a hard time finding you, Grandfather. I was afraid you might be dead."

Nathanial had meant it to be that way. He had worked as long as he could, and then when his hands became crippled he had lived on his savings. When that was gone he had applied for help, but with the plea that none of his old friends know about it.

"This was my last hope," Mike was saying, "and I had to find you, Grandfather."

But not for this brief visit, Nathanial wanted to cry. It would have been better if you had never come. He asked almost fearfully, "And so now you have found me?"

"There are only you and me left of all the family, Grandfather."

Hope flickered. That didn't sound as if he meant to go striding out of Nathanial's life. He wanted to say, "It is good not to be alone anymore, Michael." But he held back the words. Youth didn't want to feel obligated and trapped. If only the boy would just come and see him once in awhile!

He asked, "Where is your father, Michael?"

"He died in January. I . . ." Mike hesitated and then went on, bitterness in his young voice. "I'm trying not to hate him. After all he's dead, but . . . he deserted me a month after mother died. He left me with neighbors and never came back."

Very characteristic of him, Nathanial thought angrily. "What did you do then?"

"I was put in a home, and I lived there until I was eighteen. Then I joined the Navy. I've only just gotten out of service, and you know something, Grandfather?" he asked.

"No, lad," Nathanial said gently, "What?"

"Mother used to talk about you a lot. She told me how Dad had cheated you. I was only six when she died, but I never forgot. And all the time I was in the home and then in the service I thought, I have a grandfather somewhere and someday I'll find him and I'll buy a farm. But I couldn't remember the name of the town where you lived, only the state." He grinned happily. "But now I have found you! Will you help me pick out a farm and live with me? I need you. Say you'll come!"

"I need you . . . say you'll come." . . . Nathanial was afraid he was going to cry like a weak old man before his grandson. It was a moment before he had control of himself enough to speak, and then he held up his crippled hands. "My hands, see! I'd be no good to you on a farm."

"It isn't your hands I want, Grandfather. I'm strong enough for the both of us. It's your experience and advice I want."

Nathanial could not believe it yet. He had learned not to get his hopes too high. "A good farm takes money. There's no such thing as cheap land."

"Oh, I've saved my money, and when Dad died his estate went to me. I'll use the money from that."

All at once Nathanial wanted to stand and shout, "Hear that, Eddie Stringer! Ruby took my farm, and now he gives it back to me!" He wanted to take this beautiful boy through the wards and show him off, saying, "Look at the size of him, the width of those shoulders, the bigness of his hands. See how tall and fine he is! My grandson, Eddie Stringer, come all the way from Chicago to find his old grandfather! And I'm going to live with him, I'll spend my last days on the land!"

Then he was ashamed of himself. He thought, my cup runneth over! I could not be so mean and small as to flaunt my sudden good fortune in the faces of those who have nothing. Not even to Eddie could he do that.

"There's enough money for a big down payment," Mike was saying. "Of course we'd have a struggle at first. Maybe you wouldn't . . . ."

"A man can only eat one meal at a time, Mike," Nathanial said eagerly, "and wear one suit of clothes."

"Then you will come, Grandfather? I've spoken to the matron. I'll sign the necessary papers."

Nathanial stood up, holding his shoulders back. He must not tremble now. He said evenly, "I will be happy to go with you. We will find the finest farm in the State. I'll pack my things now." He knew he was going to cry then. That he could no longer hold back the tears. He had to turn and go quickly out of the parlor.

He held the tears back until he reached the foot of the stairs. He let them come then, let them roll unchecked down his cheeks. That was permitted, surely, without loss of dignity, tears of happiness. Then he brushed them away and hurried up the stairs, his heart singing, "Oh, kind God, I am grateful this day."

Mary Ek Knowles, Ogden, Utah, has written many excellent stories for *The Relief Society Magazine*. Her story "The Gold Watch," was awarded third prize in the Relief Society Short Story Contest in 1943, and her story "Spring Festival" received the first prize in 1946.

Mary was born in Ely, Nevada, lived for many years in Salt Lake City, and for a short time in Reno, Nevada. Her family and her writing are her chief interests. "I have three children," she tells us, "a wonderful husband, and a very interesting mechanical engineer father, Alma Ek, who lives in Merced, California. I am literature teacher for the Ogden Twenty-Third Ward Relief Society. Writing is my hobby, my husband and children my profession. I am a member of the Blue Quill, Ogden Writers Club, and the League of Utah Writers, and I would suggest to any ambitious young writer that she have a family, the larger the better, because a family, especially the teen-agers, are a constant source of story material."

In addition to the Church magazines, the work of Mrs. Knowles has appeared in *Woman's Day*, *Today's Woman*, *The American Magazine*, *Extension*, and many other publications.

Social Activities in Relief Society

Blanche B. Stoddard
Member, General Board of Relief Society

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, September 30, 1953]

IT was my privilege this summer to visit in the mission field and attend Relief Society meetings and socials there. I asked one sister who had recently been baptized what had caused her to come into the Church. She said she had moved into the community a total stranger. One day her neighbor invited her to go to a Relief Society work meeting. She met so many splendid women, learned so much, and had such a good time, she asked to go again to some of the other meetings. She became a Relief Society member, then a member of the Church. Her mother-in-law, who is not a member, said to her, "I don't see why you didn't join the group to which I belong." The daughter answered, "They did not invite me." I hope you and I are not passing up some good opportunities with our neighbors because we do not give that little invitation.

The past months, as we have held conventions in your stakes, we have emphasized compassionate service, visiting teaching, and the educational part of the Relief Society program. For a few moments now, I should like to speak of another very important part, an integral part of the program—the social activities.

You and I can sit together in regular Relief Society meetings week after week and not know each other. But let us sit side by side making a quilt, enjoying a social afternoon, or serving together on the luncheon committee at work meeting, and it isn't long until we know first names, how many children each of us has, what business our husbands are in, and all the things that make us know each other better. And isn't it true, as a rule, that the better we know each other the better we love each other? I heard a Relief Society president, as she bore her testimony, say, "There are only two kinds of people in my ward, those I love and those I do not know."

Relief Society activities provide such an opportunity to make lasting friendships. Recently, after a visiting teachers convention which I attended, two sisters came up holding hands. One said, "We have been visiting teaching companions for a year and we just love each other."

I asked, "If it had not been for Relief Society, would you ever have met?"

They would not, in all probability. We have a unique social opportunity. We play, sing, work, and pray together, welding ties of lasting friendships based on deep understanding of each other. I am sure you can say with me, that some of your most precious friendships began in Relief Society.

Recognizing that friendly social relationships are important to an abundant life, Relief Society has included delightful social occasions

as a part of its program. Through its social activities, members have been brought into closer relationship and sisterly love has been fostered. The social spirit has particularly characterized the work meeting. It is recommended that this day be made a happy social day in which it is almost impossible for formality and stiffness to prevail. It is a wonderful time to invite strangers and newcomers in the ward to Relief Society. Make them welcome and give them a definite part in the day's program.

AS my companion and I went visiting teaching this last week, we were in a district of lovely new homes where many of the wives were young women. Many of them were entirely indifferent, and had not been to any of the ward functions. One young mother said she would not be able to go to Relief Society because she was so busy decorating her home, making lamps and drapes, planting her flowers, and making her budget stretch. Her home came first.

What a splendid opportunity for us! We explained in detail our wonderful course in homemaking and home-management and the social activities of the work meeting. Immediately, she was eager to come on the day that would give her these opportunities. Now, if we meet her and make her welcome, introduce her to other young mothers, and even ask her to exhibit some of the lovely things she has made for her own home and let her partake of the social spirit of the day, I am sure we will have another enthusiastic member of Relief Society.

Many young women have been career girls and now find a lot of time on their hands. They are going to seek social outlets by joining clubs and other organizations which, in our estimation, cannot begin to give them the fine association and companionship that Relief Society has to offer. I remember one such sister. We tried for years to get her to come to Relief Society. Finally, someone remembered that she loved parties, loved to entertain and prepare unusual meals and set beautiful tables. So we asked her to be chairman of the work meeting luncheon committee for the year. She was delighted. She found an outlet for her talents, Relief Society was benefited, and she became a loyal member.

As I said, work meeting is probably the best time for enjoyable social activity. On vacation this summer I visited a work meeting in one of the Idaho wards. There were fifty-eight women present. I knew only three of them at first, but before the day was over I felt I knew each one, a little of her background and her home life. As we quilted and chatted I learned many interesting short cuts to homemaking and came home with some choice recipes. It was a delightful day.

Not long ago I visited another work meeting. I knew they had a quilt to do and I love to quilt. We had a pleasant and profitable morning, but when we went in to lunch I was amazed to find they were charging seventy-five cents for it. Not only amazed, but embarrassed, because I had not brought my purse with me, not anticipating any need for it. I was also a little annoyed. I was put-

ting in a good five hours on their bazaar quilt, having fun I'll admit, but I sort of felt I was entitled to my lunch. Don't you think I was? Of course they let me charge it on promise to pay later, but it rather spoiled the day for me. I hope no sister in that ward stayed away from work meeting that day because she could not spare seventy-five cents for lunch.

We feel that sisters who come to render service should not be expected also to pay for their lunch. Permission is given to use Relief Society funds for the purpose of meeting the expense of simple luncheons. We feel that the luncheons are a delightful part of the day and provide the sisters with opportunity to display talents in table decorations and low-cost, but nutritious menus.

We hope that Relief Society sisters will never have to pay to go to the regular meetings other than the initial dues of fifty cents. I heard of an opening social for which each sister was charged one dollar at the door, fifty cents to go as her dues, and fifty cents to swell the funds of Relief Society. The entire purpose of the day was defeated, in my estimation. The opening social is one of great importance. There are wonderful opportunities for this occasion. Every woman in the ward, whether she belongs to Relief Society or not, should receive a special invitation. She should meet the officers and the other members and should learn on that day what Relief Society has to offer her and the part she has to play in its success. It should be a day of dignity and beauty, an outlet for talented women to project the program of Relief Society.

The seventeenth of March, our birthday, is another splendid opportunity to show our gratitude and appreciation for this great organization. Many sisters may participate in the program on that day, which should be such as to promote sociability and a feeling of sisterhood.

ANOTHER wonderful source of social activity is through our Singing Mothers organizations. What if all the mothers in the world were singing mothers! Wouldn't this be a different old world? I am sure nowhere else could we go to see and hear what we will tomorrow, as we listen to Sister Madsen's Singing Mothers chorus. There will be daughters, mothers, grandmothers, and great-grandmothers singing together, bearing testimony together in music. There will be no age nor social barriers in this group. We hope every ward will have a Singing Mothers chorus comprised of every sister who desires to sing. Sister Madsen says that if you have two women who can sing a duet together, it is a nucleus for a Singing Mothers chorus. As we go about the Church we are thrilled with your singing groups. What good times they have, how they learn to love each other!

We feel, sisters, that you stake officers have a great responsibility in directing and maintaining the high standards of the social activities in Relief Society. See that they are proper and dignified and in keeping with the policies and aims of the organization. Inspiration has

guided the destiny of Relief Society, and intrinsic worth has characterized its activities. It was organized by a Prophet of God after the pattern of the Priesthood. When an organization has such a birth, such a history as ours, we must be careful to maintain its activities on a high plane. I once heard Sister Layton say that when a woman reaches a certain age, probably the greatest possession left to her is her dignity. After all, Relief Society is over a hundred years old, let us help her to stay dignified.

SOMETIMES, because of lack of experience in Relief Society, a lack of understanding and appreciation, or because of a desire to catch interest by introducing something new and different, activities are conducted which are not in harmony with Relief Society. Extreme and offensive costumes are not becoming to women. When programs require men, it is more appropriate to use men than to have women impersonate them. It is unbecoming in Relief Society gatherings to burlesque things for which we should have respect and reverence. Let us remember we are the mothers of Israel and representatives of the greatest woman's organization in the world.

Relief Society programs and entertainment need not be somber and formal. Under certain circumstances, they may be light and highly entertaining. However, they should be more than time-wasters, which contribute nothing to the advancement of Relief Society women. All activities should be worthy of the time of Latter-day Saint women and reflect the ideals and standards of our organization. Of course we want to have fun, we want to laugh and have a good time. In this time of stress and sorrow and foreboding, we welcome fun. But we want to go home from every Relief Society function with something so good that we will be lifted up, and with something so fine it will carry over into our homes. Our sisters, especially many of our older sisters, have a great need for social life under the supervision of Relief Society.

We have such good Relief Societies all over the Church, and much good is being done with the sisters who attend. But let us lend every effort this coming year in reaching out after the inactive ones, the indifferent, those with heavy hearts and slipping testimonies. The Prophet's mother said we must cherish one another. We are indeed our sister's keeper. Probably there is no better way first to reach her than through our social activities in Relief Society.

Heart Tones

Ida Isaacson

There is a time when speech is cleft;
When breath is silent, sound bereft—
When only heart tones climb into the mind
And tell all that can be told, or left behind.
Such moments as these bare themselves to love
And no one hears but two—and God above.

Valentine for Susan

Dorothy Oakley Rea

"GRANDMA, do you think I'm pretty?"

Susan Gray didn't turn to look at her grandmother as she asked the question. She continued to stare into the mirror at the wide mouth, the smooth, high forehead, and the deep-set, blue eyes that stared back at her.

"Of course I think you're pretty." Grandma Cordelia Gray squinted to thread her needle. "All grandmothers think their granddaughters are pretty. Susan, do you think you are pretty?"

"No," Susan said flatly, and plopped into the big chair in front of the old fireplace. She looked into the fire, remembering that in her seventeen years she had lighted many pine wood fires and loved each one a little more than the last.

"It's not that I mind not being as pretty as Marie Woods. She is put together perfect as a Dresden doll. It's the Valentine I really care about, Grandma."

"The Valentine? I thought you put Valentine notions away with your last doll a few years ago."

"I don't mean those silly Valentines we liked in grade school. I mean like those heart-shaped corsages of roses and violets at the corner florists. I saw Fred Miller go in there, and while I was sort of standing by the door, I heard him order one for Marie."

"I guess that means he will be taking Marie to the Valentine prom," Grandma Cordelia observed through thin lips, as she bit the thread from the dress she was hemming.

She tried to sound unconcerned, but she had hurried with the new velvet in case Fred should ask Susan for the prom. A heart-shaped corsage of violets and roses would have been so pretty at the shoulder.

Cordelia Gray had wanted the best of everything for her granddaughter. It wasn't exactly selfish to want it that way, she felt. It was more like wanting to make up for the ways in which Susan had been forced to take short measure.

As when Susan's mother had died after Steve, Susan's father, had spent all he could earn or borrow trying to fight the ravages of her leukemia.

Steve had procured a good engineering job in South America after his wife had died. He couldn't take the baby daughter with him, so he had left her with his mother, who had felt so inadequate when she had looked at the tiny fluff of a girl, delicate as a pink shell.

Cordelia hadn't had a daughter. She was widowed when Steve, her only son, was ten years old. She had sold the farm, keeping only the family garden and the house that her husband had built on the lower acre.

They had planned for a big family. The house had three bedrooms huddled under the sloping roof upstairs, and there was the big bedroom next to the parlor.

Cordelia had taught in the vil-

lage schoolhouse in those years when she had saved enough to send Steve to engineering school. She had baked bread, cakes, and pies for ten families in Newfield, and with Dan's insurance, she and Steve had been able to take a proper place in their community. They had always been offering the big house for fireside meetings or parties.

STEVE'S boyhood had been happy here, and when he went away to college, he had had as much money as most young men, and just as many of the belongings that college youths considered important in those depression years of the 1930's.

It was quite different now that Susan was growing up. There weren't any savings, and Grandma was past the time of teaching in the school, which by now was a sprawling structure on the avenue, complete with modern teachers, perfect lighting, and adjustable seats.

Students at the high school drove their own cars—some even had convertibles, Susan said. There were television sets in most homes, as well as the deep-freeze, which surely would have been a boon in the days when Cordelia had done cooking for other families.

Cordelia and Susan didn't own a car, a television set, or a deep-freeze. Steve was able to send plenty to live on, but not enough for extras.

Even so, the Gray house had been a joyous place. Susan collected friends like a flower collects bees. They had invaded the house from bread-and-jelly kindergarten days, right up to now, when they gathered around the old dining-room table with their lessons or popped pop corn and listened to name bands on the radio.

Susan had her share of boy friends, but she could see only Fred Miller. Cordelia wasn't sure just what Susan saw in the boy. She thought he talked in a strange manner.

Often when he and Susan were listening to the radio, he would say, "Dig that crazy tune."

What was that supposed to mean? Cordelia wondered.

His hair was another thing that was puzzling. A year ago he had worn it long behind with a wave at each temple. Now, when he came over in the evening, Cordelia noticed it was barely an inch long and stood up on his head like a brush.

"That's a butch haircut, Grandma. All the boys have them," Susan explained. "It's a fad like when I wore my hair in a pony tail."

Cordelia put the last stitch in the facing at the neckline of the new velvet dress.

"You needn't have hurried with the dress, Grandma. I won't be going to the Valentine prom. It's tomorrow night, you know, and I haven't been asked." There was the slightest quiver in the young voice that tried to sound nonchalant.

"Harry Daniels would take you if you would even look his way," Grandma ventured.

"It isn't honest to be nice to a boy just to get a date when you don't especially enjoy his company. You said that, Grandma."

Cordelia smiled. She had tried to teach this lovely granddaughter some of the social graces. Now she found herself forgetting them in her anxiety for Susan's happiness.

THE next day was Saturday and Valentine's. If Susan was grieving about the prom, she gave no sign. She arose early, put on a plain blouse and flowered skirt, and gave the house a real cleaning. She put a fresh bowl of apples on the dining-room table and pine nuts in the brass bowl on the mantle.

In the early afternoon she lighted a fire and sagged into the big chair with a magazine, while Cordelia got ready and went marketing.

There was a high blue sky on the afternoon of St. Valentine's Day. Melting snows clung to the shady places, but the sidewalks were dry. Cordelia brushed away some leaves as she passed the garden fence. The violets were coming up, she noticed.

Seeing the violets push up their green leaves made her think again of the corsage Susan had mentioned.

"It seems to me that I love Susan as much as anyone loves her. Why shouldn't I send her a Valentine?" Cordelia was thinking.

She walked a little faster with a little more color in her cheeks.

There was the corsage in the florist's window—heart-shaped, with violets and roses.

"Will you deliver one of those to Susan at my house?" she asked the florist.

"Sure will, Mrs. Gray. We've delivered lots of them to the high school girls today."

Cordelia paid for the flowers and hurried out onto the street. She shouldn't have bought the flowers, she thought. Now the florist will be wondering why some young man didn't order flowers for Susan.

The girl was gone when Cordelia returned home. A note in her young scrawl was on the kitchen table. "Grandma, I've gone bike riding with Fred."

"The nerve of him," Cordelia muttered. "Susan is all right to take bicycle riding in the afternoon, but he takes another girl to the prom."

Cordelia was glad the florist came with the flowers before Susan came home. It would be a shame to have Susan answer the door thinking the flowers might be from someone else.

IT was almost dusk. Cordelia laid out the pretty new velvet across the big chair. At the shoulder she fastened the fragrant heart of flowers. On the small white card she wrote, "Happy Valentine to Susan."

Susan didn't go into the parlor when she came home. She ran straight upstairs, but not before Cordelia saw that her cheeks were as red as the sweater she wore.

Notes of a popular tune drifted down the stairway and into the kitchen where Cordelia was trimming some Valentine cookies for supper.

"Seems like that's the song Fred thinks is real crazy," Cordelia was remembering.

When Susan came down in her old bathrobe and shaggy slippers, Cordelia knew for sure there was

no date for the prom, but Susan looked surprisingly happy.

When she finally stepped into the parlor she saw the dress and the corsage. She flung both arms around her grandmother. "What a wonderful Valentine surprise! I'll tell you what let's do, Grandma. You get all dressed up and so will I, then we'll sit by the fireplace and have a Valentine party for two."

A little later Cordelia and Susan were settled in front of the fire. A waltz was being played on the radio, and the soft aroma of the corsage filled the room.

Suddenly Cordelia arose and walked to the mirror. She peered at the gray hair and the aging face. "Susan, do you think I'm pretty?" She turned smiling.

"Oh, yes, Grandma. I've always thought so. You are beautiful in that dress. I've never seen you wear it before, yet I'm sure it's not new . . . because of the style."

"It is very old and I am very old," Cordelia sighed. "When we were both much younger, I wore this dress on a Valentine's night. Your grandfather said I was pretty. We were married before the next Valentine's Day."

For the next few hours, grandmother and granddaughter traveled back through the years. They looked through the album, and they went upstairs to the room where the trunks were stored. They looked at pictures of Cordelia in other days, pictures of Grandpa and Steve and Susan's mother.

They found an old Valentine with two angels holding a pink lace heart. Inside the heart it said, "Accept my undying love and devotion. To Cordelia from Dan."

Back in the parlor, Susan sat on the arm of her grandmother's chair.

"You lived in such a nice time when you were young," she said simply.

"Any time is nice when you're young." Cordelia put her arm around Susan.

"But Grandma, boys don't say things to girls now like Grandpa said about his undying love and devotion."

As if to emphasize what she had said, Susan smiled and produced a crumpled piece of paper from her pocket.

"This, in case you're wondering, is my Valentine from Fred. It says:

> Dear Susan, I hope you have a nice time even if we are not going to the prom together. I think you are real sharp and would like you to go with me to all the rest of the dances this year. The reason why I didn't ask you to go to the prom is that Marie asked me to take her, and because I work in her father's garage could I very well say no? Please ask Grandma to expect me for Sunday dinner. Yours truly, Fred.

"I see what you mean," Cordelia smiled. "It is different from Grandpa's Valentine, but I guess it means practically the same thing. You see, I just remembered, Grandpa told me that night that he would like to come over to our house for Sunday dinner."

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, February 1, and February 15, 1894

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

UTAH SILK AT THE WORLD'S FAIR: The ladies of Davis County contributed a set of furniture (seven pieces) to the ladies reception room in the Utah Building, upholstered in home-raised silk, it was a sage green brocaded with a spray of wild sage, the color harmonizing with the other furnishings in the room . . . . The raising of the worm is a labor which is extremely interesting, and to the womanly heart brings out a loving care and interest which makes it more than mere labor.

—Margaret A. Caine

SOUVENIRS OF LILAC TIME: I have the courage to declare myself a devoted admirer, not only of the beautiful and fantastic, but the weird in nature. It is part of my composition . . . . Lilacs are one of my especial weaknesses, for they are associated with the earliest recollections of my child-life and school-girl history. I never see a lilac but it calls up tender memories connected with the past . . . . And, if I may tell it, the lilac bush oft holds many a precious secret.

—Aunt Em

A FRAGMENT

Thou call'st from out the deep recesses of my soul
sweet sympathy . . . .
And all the while I feel a magic touch
That brings such harmony of sight and sound
And charity and love my bosom swell,
With such intensity no tongue can tell
And thy bright presence vivifies the spell;
And I am treading on enchanted ground . . . .

—E. B. W.

MUSIC IN UTAH: In the growth of civilization and the unfoldment of social development, music and her twin sister poetry take precedence of all the arts, and present an unmistakable index to national character. The pioneer settlers who crossed the Rocky Mountains to make homes in the valley of the Great Salt Lake were certain in the early stage of their peculiar civilization to manifest the genius of music, and the hosts of Israel beguiled many an hour of their weary march across the continent by singing the songs of Zion. The first musical organization formed in Utah was a brass band . . . under the leadership of Captain William Pitt . . . . In 1857 Dominico Ballo, an Italian, highly endowed with the musical genius of his race, came to Salt Lake City and electrified the people with his performances on the clarinet . . . . In 1853 David O. Calder, the pioneer teacher of vocal music, came to Salt Lake City, and settled over Jordan where he taught the first singing school in the Territory . . . . In 1862 Professor Charles J. Thomas, who had for years been associated with some of the principal theatre orchestras in London, came to Salt Lake City, and at once took charge of the orchestra at the new Salt Lake Theater . . . . —Selected

BRIGHAM YOUNG AND THE DRAMA: Brigham Young, the leader of modern Israel in its exodus to these mountains, with his profound knowledge of human nature, typed with his New England sagacity, evinced consummate wisdom in supplying his people with the means of social and physical revivification. The weariness of travel, and the labor of making new homes, were enlivened by joyous music, familiar songs, with the merry dance and social ball . . . . The projects of organizing a company with the combination of the musical and dramatic elements, received the hearty sanction of Brigham Young. —Selected

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

"THE Women of the Year 1953," as nominated by Major General William F. Dean of the United States Army, are the heroic army nurses who served in the Korean War. Among those who received particular mention were: Captain Iris Craig, Lieutenant Dorothy Devers, Lieutenant Lorna Wilson, and nurse Nancy Jones.

QUEEN Elizabeth II, during her tour of the Commonwealth nations in December 1953, was royally entertained by fifty-three-year-old Queen Salote Tupou of Tonga, who, last June, attended the coronation of Queen Elizabeth in London. As the visiting Queen stepped ashore at Nukualofa, it began to rain once more, as it had rained at their previous meeting. Both queens smiled broadly as Salote opened a large green umbrella and raised it above both their heads. Salote's 48,000 subjects had been busy for many weeks painting the royal palace, rehearsing the entertainment program, making arches and banners, picking pineapples, preparing pigs to be roasted, and drilling the Royal Tongan Military Band.

AT the thirty-second National 4-H Congress, held in Chicago in November, Margaret Ann Ashton of Provo, nineteen years old, was one of eight to win $300 scholarships from Sears Roebuck Foundation. Her national prize was for home improvement — making a basement storeroom into an attractive playroom. Among many improvements, she upholstered furniture, made plywood walls, refinished a piano, made bookcases, tables, a radio case, and a lamp shade. Wanda Lee Peacock of Price received a United States Savings Bond from the Kellogg Company, Battle Creek, Michigan, as a health-improvement award.

MRS. Helen Werner Slocum began a business with $2.50, which now grosses $250,000 a year. With her only resources a second-hand trailer, she began hauling boats in it from one state to another, near and far. Now she has many employees and handles a fair share of the nearly 5,000,000 small boats in this country, when they require dry-land transportation.

WE extend birthday congratulations to Mrs. Clara Fisher Samuels, ninety, formerly of Vernal, Uintah County, Utah, now a resident of San Leandro, California; and Mrs. Isabella R. Crafts of Salt Lake City, Utah, ninety-three years old.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 41 FEBRUARY 1954 NO. 2

"Forgetting Self"

High on the rocky battlements of a ridge in the Black Hills of South Dakota, four faces have been carved in lasting stone as a memorial to four great Americans whose strength, discipline, and foresight directed the building and the extension of American constitutional government. They laid the structural steel of freedom and built the shining towers of liberty. Of them it may be said that "more than self their country loved . . . and mercy more than life."

The faces carved in stone on that high wall are the faces of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Theodore Roosevelt. The lines and the lineaments of the faces reveal integrity and vision, courage and contemplation — qualities which have made the thoughts and the actions of these men live each day in America, and in the thoughts and dreams of many statesmen throughout the world.

Let it be said of Washington, as we think of him in this month of February, that he evidenced in his own life that high integrity of purpose which places the self as the servant of others, as a builder for a more lasting monument than personal pleasure or satisfaction. He dearly loved his home — the broad acres of Mount Vernon, the great river, and the columns of his house, the association of his family. But he endured the long struggle, the bitter cold of embattled winters, the despair of many failures — enduring that which he believed was temporary in the hope of establishing that which would be of lasting worth. "Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair," Washington said. "The event is in the hand of God."

And what of Thomas Jefferson, who had written the Declaration of Independence, and who wielded the tools of a master in building the structures which preceded the framing of the Constitution? Jefferson was acting as minister to France during the drafting and the signing of that document. However, the lasting wisdom and breadth of his views, and the uncompromising honesty of his personality made a deep imprint upon the design of government. Although he wished to grant the fullest liberty which they might be capable of exercising to all people, still he was determined to safeguard the written law and to uphold the legally established codes. "In questions of power," Jefferson wrote, "let no more be said of confidence in man, but bind him down from mischief . . . by the Constitution."

Well known and well loved, the introspective face of Lincoln is sober and brooding, yet kindly and even magnificent in its expression of love and tenderness. Through an era of crisis and tragedy, Lincoln moved as one dedicated to a great cause. Forgetting the disappoint-

ments and despair of his own life, he visioned the ideal of freedom extended throughout the land. Forgetting self, by the very splendor of his leadership, he shaped the forces which "a thoroughfare for freedom beat across the wilderness . . . ." It has been said by modern leaders of great integrity that the face and the life of Lincoln have been guides to them in times of fateful decisions, and that the tenacity of his faith has imparted to them a beacon in times of spiritual darkness. The great man sees beyond the restrictions of his own needs and desires. He sees the fundamental concepts which are ageless and forever imperative. "Let every man remember," said Lincoln, "that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his father, and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty."

Most recent of the four great statesmen upon the stage of American life, Theodore Roosevelt (1858-1919) has become a symbol of the vigorous growth of the country and the extension of American influence. It was he who saw a greater use for the waterways, reclamation of arid lands, the building of railroads, and the wider use of the sea lanes for the commerce of the world. Although he championed industrial growth in the nation and development of the resources of the territories, still Theodore Roosevelt never lost sight of the roof of liberty—the Constitution, and he was ever alert to detect and deter any encroachment upon the firm pillars of government. He was one who helped to make possible a country "beautiful . . . for amber waves of grain . . . for purple mountain majesties above the fruited plain."

The faces of these four American statesmen carved upon the monument in the hills of South Dakota are part of our heritage, as are their thoughts and deeds which aided so greatly in the establishment and protection of our edifice of constitutional government.

—V. P. C.

Birthday Greetings to Former President Amy Brown Lyman

Relief Society women throughout the Church are happy to extend birthday congratulations to our beloved former president Amy Brown Lyman, who has devotedly served the organization in many capacities, and who became general president in 1940, serving as president until April 1945. In October 1953, as she stood with our present leaders, at the ground-breaking ceremony for the new Relief Society Building, many sisters remembered with gratitude the inspirational service which Sister Lyman has so willingly and so graciously given. Her activities have exemplified the numerous fields to which a charitable and highly gifted woman may extend her interest and her effort. At this time we wish her contentment and joy and many more years with her family and friends and the thousands of Relief Society women who love her and who have served under her leadership.

Minor White

WINTER PATTERNS NEAR ANTHONY LAKES, OREGON

For Such As This

Pansye H. Powell

One life is not enough, for I could spend
Ten thousand years beside a mountain brook
To hear its quiet murmuring and look
Upon its pearl-fringed ripples. I could bend
In daily reverence where aspens send
Their whispered prayers to heaven, where the book
Of nature lies wide open, though it took
A thousand lifetimes, read it to the end;
For who can see the winter sunlight cast
Its purple shadows on the mountain snow
Nor want this scene again? Or feel the kiss
Of tender rain nor wish to hold it fast?
Life is too urgent in the time we know
Eternity must be for such as this!

The Right Touch

Cecil Pugmire

"JUST the right touch on the bodice, Mother, and it will be perfect!" cried Sue.

The right touch! rebelliously thought Sarah. The very words her sister-in-law Alice had so glibly used yesterday, when she had knocked Sarah's plans for the trip right into oblivion.

Standing with arms akimbo on two plump hips, Sarah's usually snapping brown eyes, now red-rimmed from long hours of sewing tiny stitches, carried a stubborn, hurt expression as they surveyed her pretty daughter. Golden-haired Sue, a vision of loveliness, whirled before her mother in the creamy wedding gown, as unmindful of her mother's rebellious thought as she was of the cluttered dining room strewn with scraps of sewing on the table and every available chair.

"Right touch, right touch!" singsonged through Sarah's mind.

"We're bringing Dad to your house directly from the hospital," Alice had unceremoniously announced yesterday over the telephone. The words had stunned Sarah into silence. There had been a long pause, and then, "You're the only one with a spare bedroom, and besides, you have the right touch."

Just like that—the right touch and a spare bedroom, and Sarah's long-planned trip dissolved like cubes of warmed ice.

Any other time Sarah would gladly have accepted the responsibility of caring for Father Wood and his broken leg. But now of all times! It meant giving up the trip to Canada to see Margo. Little sister Margo! Ten years ago Sarah had kissed the young bride goodbye, and now Margo's husband had been coming through town to take Sarah to Canada. This had seemed a chance of a lifetime.

Now everything had been changed with a few words over the telephone.

Last evening when Jim had arrived home and found his father ensconced in the spare bedroom, the room resembling a small hospital, he hadn't said a word about Sarah's trip. He had seemed sort of lost and puzzled.

"Right touch! Spare bedroom!" Why Alice could have given up her own bedroom for her father. Sarah's mind was a beehive of stinging thoughts.

Just because I'm a Relief Society president, they think I'm a Rock of Gibraltar. Just a strong old robot, with no plans or feelings of my own. Well, I've got feelings enough that I don't want to hear *right touch* again. Her thoughts clashed on and on, as she critically eyed each fold and tuck of the shimmering satin gown. There was something definitely lacking in the dress, but, so far, that sought-for touch had been elusive.

A breath of summer breeze blew the white ruffled kitchen curtains inward, wafting its coolness through the warm bungalow, carrying along

the aroma of boiling beans, reminding Sarah that Jim and the boys would soon be home for supper.

"We'll have to clear up this mess, Sue. It's suppertime."

Reluctant to take off the shining gown, Sue surveyed herself thoughtfully in the improvised mirror propped upon two dining-room chairs. She turned and twisted, this way and that. A definite fling of her head indicated that she had made a valuable discovery.

"Mother, I know! I know just what it needs! I saw it in Mailon's window today. I guess you would call it a stole—a short stole. It was draped over the bodice of a wedding gown. It was as dainty as cobwebs and was caught together in front by a cluster of tiny pearls."

Momentarily caught by Sue's enthusiasm, Sarah brushed aside some patterns and sank into the nearest chair. As she listened to Sue's description, from long ago came the memory of another scarf and the hurting remembrance of a disappointed little girl.

SHE had been only six! Such a tomboyish, sunburned and freckled - spattered - across-the-nose little girl, whom Uncle Felix had sought out as she sat dangling her dirty foot in the old headgate, trying to wash away the prickly-pear thistle sticking in the sole of her left foot. He had brought her a present! Dear, fascinating, globe-trotting, story-telling Uncle Felix. And such a present! A gossamer, lacy scarf, a fascinator, even prettier than the one she had watched Miss Lang drape over her shoulders before telling all the school children goodbye. She had felt hurt and disappointed when mother had taken the dainty scarf, wrapped it in tissue paper, and placed it in the old trunk, with the words, "Until you grow up to be a lady."

I guess I never became a lady, Sarah mused to herself. I never did get to wear the scarf. After mama died, I sort of forgot it.

* * * *

NEXT morning, Sarah had Sister Dixon come in and sit with Father Wood. Ten o'clock found her in front of Mailon's admiring the dainty stole draped across the shoulders of the wedding gown. The single model posed against an elaborate background of tinselled silver trees aburst with pink apple blossoms. Sue was right! It was wonderful! Her mind's eye saw it draped above the bodice of Sue's gown. It was the perfect answer to complete the wedding gown. After finding the right department, a saleslady brought the scarf from the window and carefully spread it before Sarah on the glass counter. Close up, it was more beautiful than in the window. Shadowy roses on the trellis of clinging leaves were woven into a mesh of dainty filigree. It was scalloped with tiny rosebuds.

Sarah felt a great relief. Making the wedding gown had been more of a strain than she had realized, and this would complete the dress.

Mindful that her roughened fingers must not pull a single thread in the delicate fabric, Sarah stood spellbound in a dream all her own, visualizing golden-haired Sue in the complete ensemble. Suddenly, she was jarred from her muse by the

words, "Such a bargain, too! *Only* $69.50."

Sarah's mind clicked back to the clarity of a calculating machine.

"Whew," she gulped. "Why, that's more than my daughter's whole outfit cost!"

She thanked the saleslady as gracefully as possible, trying not to show her amazement at the price of the scarf.

Feeling as disappointed as a child who has had a beautiful toy snatched away, Sarah stood upon the sun-beaten pavement to collect her thoughts. Opening her purse, she fingered some bills for Jim's insurance premium, then pursing her lips she shoved the bills down deep into the corner of her bag.

Then all of a sudden she chuckled. Of course, she could have made the scarf herself. Her feet acquired new spring as she squared her shoulders and made for the nearest department store. She remembered the many times she had seen bolts of beautiful lace displayed in the yardage departments.

"Laces? Yes, Ma'am, we have that very piece. I saw the scarf myself in Mailon's. It is identical," assured the clear-skinned girl behind the counter. Reaching beneath the counter, she felt for the bolt of lace, and then called, "Mrs. Ames, where is the roll of lace No. 259?"

"Sorry, Miss Hale. I sold the last bit ten minutes ago."

The morning wore on, noon came, and late afternoon found Sarah still hunting the lace. Her quest had acquired the pattern of a tiresome game.

"Sorry, just out."

SARAH went the rounds of the stores before giving up. Finally, with tired and aching feet, and feeling defeated and discouraged, she returned home.

She was surprised to find Sister Dixon in the kitchen. Sarah had not expected to find her dinner all cooked, waiting to be served. Grateful for this unexpected respite, Sarah went to Father Wood. In spite of Sister Dixon's efforts to catch each little breeze by opening both windows, the room was warm and uncomfortable. Father Wood looked tired and weary, but Sarah had never heard him complain of anything or anybody. He managed a cheerful greeting. For the first time Sarah began to realize that maybe it was painful for him to be confined and dependent upon her. She felt so tired and defeated, herself, after tramping hot pavements all day that her feelings aligned themselves with the man lying helpless and dependent in the hot bedroom.

Life has a strange way of taking hold of us and managing us, she thought. Certainly, Father Wood would not be lying here dependent upon her if he could manage otherwise. He certainly did not ask for a broken leg. She remembered the time he had stood up for her against Jim in trivial things, making her feel she was something rather special and not just an accepted daughter-in-law. She remembered the times he had turned to her instead of Alice, his own daughter. It had long been sort of a family joke that Alice was the family butterfly, gay, pretty, and carefree, but

irresponsible and not one to turn to in time of trouble. Jim's brothers and father usually turned toward Sarah in moments of need, since Jim's mother had died three years ago.

Sarah fluffed his pillow and threw wide the door so that he could see what was going on in the kitchen. She brought a bookstand and placed a favorite magazine within easy reach and then went to prepare a tray for him.

Sarah felt a deep satisfaction in seeing Father Wood eat with relish. Sister Dixon seemed in no hurry to go home, and it was rather nice having her bustle about the kitchen. For the first time, during the hurried day, Sarah felt a sense of relaxation. She pulled a chair up by the bedside and began to laugh with Father Wood about chasing an elusive bit of lace all over town.

"Sarah, I didn't know about the trip, or I would have stayed on at the hospital," apologized Father Wood.

Supper over, Jim went to sit with his father. Sue had not returned from school, and the problem of the unfinished wedding dress began to rankle in Sarah's mind. She knew Sue would be disappointed about the scarf. Strange! Disappointment in two lives over a small thing like a whiff of lace, such a tiny thing, yet so important at the moment, mused Sarah.

She climbed the stairs to the attic. While she was remembering she would take a look at the scarf which had waited so long for her to become a lady. I guess I sort of disappointed it, thought Sarah.

THE old trunk stood as sturdy in its four-square-cornered way as it had when her mother used it as a chest for her most cherished possessions. Sarah blew the dust from its top as she pulled down the fasteners. She raised the heavy lid, lifted the top till from its place, and put it on the floor. Searching in the bottom recess, she found the small package wrapped in yellowed tissue paper. As she untied its encircling string, a silken web slipped from the wrapper and cascaded over her brown arm. Sarah gasped. She had forgotten how lovely it was. Creamy white lace! Real lace! No imitation, this. It was the most beautiful piece of lace she had ever seen. A tiny label stitched in one corner said, "Made in Venice." Dainty orange blossoms were intricately woven on a gossamer network as sheer as butterfly wings. It seemed fashioned for a queen.

Sarah draped the web of transparent beauty over her brown arm, but quickly removed it. It seemed out of place, just as much today as it would have been out of place years ago on the freckled-faced little girl. Mindful lest one cobwebby thread be pulled by her needle-pricked fingers, Sarah held the scarf away and in front of her, bewitched by its sheer loveliness.

A squeak of the rusty hinge on the attic door jarred her back to reality.

"Mother! Oh, Mother! Where did you get it? Why, it's far lovelier than the one at Mailon's. It will just make the dress perfect. It's just the right touch."

"Right touch!" Sarah smiled as she turned to the blue-eyed girl,

sparkling with admiration and happiness.

Carefully gathering together the silken ends of the scarf, she placed the bit of beauty into the young girl's outstretched hand.

"Take it, child. It's a bridal gift, reserved by your grandmother, from Uncle Felix."

Sarah tiptoed into Father Wood's room to see that he was comfortable for the night. He appeared to be sleeping. Quietly, she pulled the shade and tiptoed back again past the bed. A strong hand reached out and she felt something pressed into her hand.

"I've wanted to do this for a long time, Sarah. Just haven't gotten around to it at the right moment," said Father Wood. "I want it worn by a great little lady."

Even in the dark, Sarah knew that the hard, irregular object was Mother Wood's emerald engagement ring.

Jim emerged from a chair in the shadows of the room and Sarah felt his arms go around her.

"Taking this from any other man in the world and I'd have grounds for divorce," laughed Jim. "Imagine, a woman wearing an engagement ring on each hand. Sure must have the right touch."

Valentine for Rosemary

Ethel Jacobson

Rosemary, Rosemary,
Who's so delectable?
If you've one failing
It's quite undetectable.
Listing your charms
Is a job insurmountable.
You have so many
They're simply uncountable!

Rosemary, named for
The fairest of roses,
How well you know that
It's man who proposes!
With suitable suitors
Pursuing you frantically,
Make me the one that
You smile on romantically!

Forever the Dream

Mary Gustafson

Have you ever sat by a fireplace
And dreamed as the dancing flame
Held visions of faces forgotten
Till you almost called a name?

If you have you can answer clearly
That you have seen, as I,
And have known that the flame that quickens
Will swiftly ash and die.

But the dream drifts on forever,
Eddying on through space
Until it can find a welcome
In the smile of an upturned face.

MRS. LILLIE WALKER, WELLSVILLE, UTAH, DISPLAYS SOME OF HER QUILTS AND HOOKED RUGS

Hobbies Help to Keep Her Young

Lillie Walker, Wellsville, Utah, Has Made Two Hundred Sixty Quilts and Many Beautiful Hooked Rugs

Lillie Walker, seventy-five years old, has been a widow for twenty-two years, but she has made her own living by doing home nursing and making and selling her beautiful hooked rugs and other items of handwork. Without assistance, she has made and quilted two hundred sixty quilts, and has designed and completed many hooked rugs which have given her a reputation for her original patterns and beautiful blending of colors, as well as expert workmanship.

Mrs. Walker loves to work in the temples and has performed ordinance work in the Logan, Salt Lake, Manti, St. George, Idaho Falls, and Cardston temples. She has been a Relief Society visiting teacher for thirty-five years. She seldom misses attendance at Relief Society and Sunday School and often walks a mile to attend these meetings. Of her twelve children, nine are still living, and she has forty grandchildren and thirty-seven great-grandchildren. Her life is busy, useful, and happy.

Frost

Lucy Woolley Brown

Only the shadows made by trees
Are patches of frost this dawn.
The sun kissed other white dust away;
And left diamonds on the lawn.

To Washington

Lucille Waters Mattson

WASHINGTON walked among his men at Valley Forge during the "hard winter," from which time was reckoned for seventy-five years in the backwoods, and instilled in them courage and endurance to drill and starve and die for freedom. It was miraculous that they did not capitulate—those men whose ancestors had come up from the dark ages knowing little but oppression, lack of opportunity, and autocratic rule. But the spark of freedom was firmly imbedded, and the blood of Ephraim was among them; they were fighting upon a promised land for a righteous cause. Though none could fully understand the purposes as yet, the passion for freedom which burned in Washington's breast, was fanned to flame by his strength, his courage, the determination of this inspired leader.

We, as Latter-day Saints, accord to him all the greatness, all the personal attributes of character, all the genius of leadership given by the world, and, in addition, we acclaim him as inspired of God, fulfilling his holy purposes, chosen to free a favored land for a Prophet to bring upon the earth again the true and everlasting gospel.

Bread

Christie Lund Coles

How much the modern child has lost,
Not coming home to the good, warm crust

Of homemade bread with butter, sweet,
Spread thickly for a special treat . . . .

Windows were steamed, the house oven-warm,
When, pink-cheeked, we entered from the storm,

And found the fragrance, unequaled still,
Of brown-baked loaves. Words cannot tell

How the world became suddenly sunny
With a slice of bread golden with honey.

Late Blizzard

Maryhale Woolsey

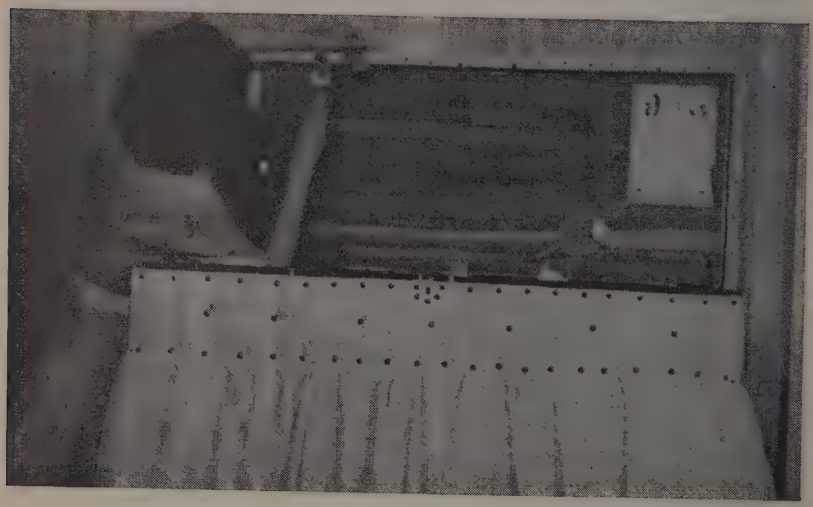
Wind-driven in ghostly hordes, down city streets
And up small country lanes, the snowflakes play
At hectic games—well knowing how brief their time;
Knowing how close behind, spring comes this way.

From Cedar Chest to Dressing Table

Clara Laster

IN small houses and apartments, space economy is the vital keynote today. Many families have growing pains, and the problem of where to put winter clothes in summer and summer clothes in winter, and still have a well-balanced bedroom, has been something we have all faced at some time or other.

Suppose you have an older cedar chest that you cannot do without, and, at the same time, do not have space for that much-desired dressing table. If this happens to be the problem in your home, here is a simple solution. Make the chest into an attractive dressing table! It can be done at very little expense and without any experience at all.

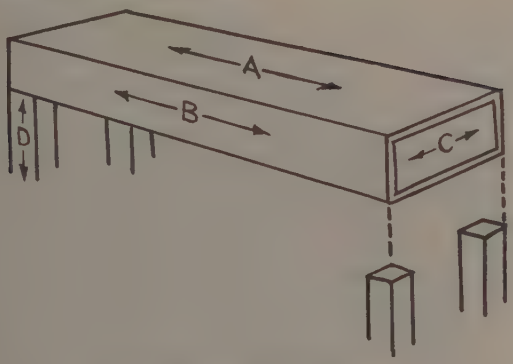


MAKING A DRESSING TABLE FROM A CEDAR CHEST

Materials Needed

The material you choose for your dressing table skirt will depend, of course, upon the material of your drapes and spread and the other furniture and colors in the room. But let us suppose that the fabric is rayon taffeta. This makes a lovely dressing table skirt. You will need about 2½ yards, 54 inches wide. Also, you will need one roll of cotton batting, the width of the chest top. Be sure to buy two boxes of upholstering tacks, one box of carpet tacks, and have handy a hammer and scissors.

Have a piece of clear glass cut to fit the top of dressing table, which is the top of the cedar chest. Now, for the cedar chest base, buy these materials and have them cut in this manner: plywood, ½" thick, cut the same size as the bottom of your cedar chest. Have legs cut to height desired, using 4" by 4". For leg supports, have two pieces of 1" by 4" boards cut the same length as the baseboard. Have two pieces 1" by 4" cut the same width as the baseboard. See illustrations A-B-C-D.



STAND FOR CEDAR CHEST

General Directions

The cedar chest sits upon this box-like base, in order to be high enough for a dressing table, so your first step is to make the base. Take your ½" plywood baseboard (No. A) and your two 1" by 4" end boards (No. C). Nail together as shown in illustration. Next, nail on the two 1" by 4" lengthwise boards (No. B) in illustration. Now, the legs are placed in each corner and nailed securely. When this is completed, set the cedar chest upon the dressing table base.

Take the cotton batting and cover the cedar chest top to a one-inch thickness. The cotton is kept in place with the carpet tacks which are placed here and there. Cut material long enough and wide enough to fit top of cedar chest and stretch over sides of lid on three sides and back of lid on the fourth side.

Next, pad six inches of the front and sides with cotton and tack in place. Now, cover with a seven-inch strip of the taffeta material. Use the upholstering tacks and make a design, as shown in the picture. If you like, a different design can be used. But leave the bottom row undone until you have gathered your dressing table skirt and tucked under the edge of strip. The raw edge of the strip is folded under and placed over gathered skirt. Then the last row of upholstering tacks is hammered in place.

When this is completed, place clear glass over padded top. It is now completed and you can place mirror and lamps or whatever you desire on top. But the main idea is your storage space underneath the dressing table top.

Day's End

Gertrude T. Kovan

I look toward the setting sun
And view the night almost begun—
The shadows gathering in the dusk,
A solemn quiet and the hush
Of birds in treetops, hovering there
Within their nests; the evening air
Filled with all memories of the day,
While you, my love, are far away.

The Finest Career of All

Pauline M. Henderson

"OH, I'm just a housewife." I was listening to a radio program the other day, and heard a woman make this reply to a question concerning her occupation. The words were accompanied by an apologetic little laugh, as though the speaker were a bit ashamed of her calling.

I thought, suddenly, how often I had heard those same words! Why! I had said the same thing myself, many times—and in that same self-deprecatory tone!

Perhaps I was in an unusually introspective mood that morning, but the incident started me thinking. Why, I wondered, should we—the homemakers of the world—be ashamed of this most rewarding of all positions in life?

I have heard complaints from many women, that simply being a housewife does not provide a woman with sufficient opportunity for self-expression, or a large enough scope in which to develop her talents to the fullest extent. Indeed, I have, on occasion, added my voice to this lament. We are prone to look upon our work as drudgery, and to dwell enviously upon the lives of our sisters who have made careers for themselves in the business and professional world. But, after giving the matter some serious thought, I, for one, have revised my opinion.

The dictionary defines "career" as "a profession or other calling demanding special preparation and undertaken as a life's work." It seems to me that homemaking lives up to this definition very well.

A successful wife and mother combines many skills and talents in the fulfillment of her role in life, any one of which, if followed exclusively, would command a good salary and a fair amount of respect in the world of business.

She is a nutritionist, having a working knowledge of all the various food elements necessary to the health of her family, and she knows how to skillfully combine them to make appetizing meals, three times a day, every day in the year.

Starting with four walls, some furniture, and other inanimate objects, she becomes an interior decorator, as she creates a home that is a haven of peace and rest for those she loves.

Should one of her family become ill, she is a nurse—so far as possible making up in loving care what she may lack in professional skill.

As she manipulates the family finances, she becomes an economist of no mean ability, stretching the budget to cover all her family's present needs, as well as providing a reserve for the future.

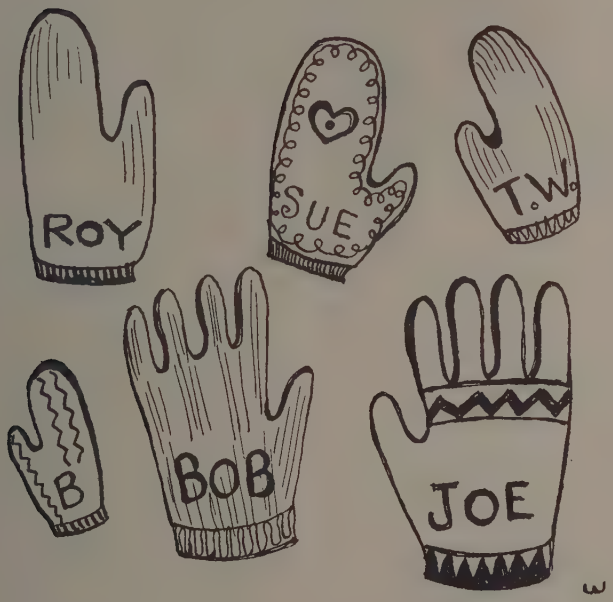
The mother of a family is also a teacher, as she helps her children through their school years, adding much to their education that they cannot learn from formal instruction.

And, in addition to all of this, the homemaker performs what is her most important function—that of spiritual counselor. To her, God

has intrusted the molding of the characters of her children. To discharge this trust is her duty and also her privilege.

What triumphs in the business or professional world—however great they may be—can compare in importance and lasting satisfaction to the shaping of human lives?

So, let us wear our aprons proudly as a banner—a symbol of a truly exalted profession!



Lost Mittens?

Elizabeth Williamson

The children will never misplace their mittens or gloves if they have their names firmly attached. The most decorative method is embroidering their names on gloves and mittens.

If the names are lengthy, use initials. Embroider with wool to match the mittens or use a bright contrasting color to attract attention.

The Deeper Melody

Chapter 5

Alice Morrey Bailey

Synopsis: Steven Thorpe, a widower with three small children, becomes interested in Margaret Crain, a registered nurse, who has taken care of his baby during an attack of pneumonia. Margaret's mother, a widow, who has been acting as Steven's housekeeper temporarily, decides to continue in this position until Margaret's marriage to Dr. Rex Harmon. In the meantime, Margaret has accepted the position of night superintendent in the hospital, and Steven finds it impossible to see her. He has been made vice-president of the Pikes Peak Machinery Company, when his secretary, Miss Tate, invites him to the symphony.

"OH, thank you," Miss Tate murmured and hurried into an explanation of how she had come to have the tickets, quite by accident, she assured him fervently.

Steve was sorry he had been led into it, later, when it came to the actual going, but only a cad would wriggle out of it, and Steve did not look upon himself as a cad. Miss Tate looked smart and was tastefully dressed, when he picked her up. She talked quite intelligently. She asked about the children, especially Phyllis. She knew a surprising amount of the details of his life. She must have been the one to type J. T.'s notes, Steve thought. She encouraged him to talk about himself and the children, saying she adored babies, and that sometime she would like to bring some gifts for his children.

He felt on edge with her, stiff and cool, but tried not to show it. After all, this was a situation largely of his own making. He had had no business considering her on familiar terms, even in his own mind. Thoughts were uncanny; they had a way of becoming realities. In this case, they had certainly been the edge of balance between saying *no* to Miss Tate and accepting her invitation.

The music was superb; it quickened a deadness in him, its flowing streams pouring into his emptiness. His life had been too busy and too complicated of late to include such things as a symphony. Even so, he did not remember its having had such an effect on him in the old days, an effect beyond enjoyment. Now, it seemed a new language, plumbing the depths of his emotions, the color, movement, and sound exploring his emotions —the sadness, the loneliness, and the pathos, ravelling out tired mysteries and answering old questions. It voiced his triumph and spoke his resolve. It was as if Margaret sat beside him—that all he had to do was to reach and touch her hand, as if the music were a language between them, a bond, a sesame, a key. It was in this hour that his love for her became full and real and undeniable.

"Do you know I'm here?" Miss Tate was asking, and her voice jarred him violently.

He came reluctantly back to reality—the reality of her, instead of Margaret, here beside him, the knowledge that Margaret would

never share such an experience with him. There was a bitter taste in his mouth as they moved down the lobby.

MISS Tate was chattering along—the maestro's timing had been a little ragged. Didn't he think the flute wasn't quite up to standard? Her voice sounded like tinkling brass beside the deeper melody of his love for Margaret. It stopped only when one of her friends, whom Steve recognized dimly and with dismay as one of the office force, rushed up to them.

"Oh, Miss Tate! I'm so glad you made it. Were the seats all right? I couldn't get the ones you asked for, but I thought . . . ."

Steve looked sharply at Miss Tate and caught her frantically signalling the girl to silence, her face a study in violence. He was so shocked by her expression that he didn't remember for hours that she had said the tickets came to her by accident. At first it angered him, then amused him.

He told Mrs. Crain about it.

"Sounds like a trap to me," was her summation.

"So long as it caught the right victim," Steve laughed.

"It won't be the last trap," predicted Mrs. Crain. "A handsome young man like you is a natural prey for lonesome girls. If you don't choose one yourself, one will choose you."

"I'll choose my own wife, thank you," said Steve shortly.

A few nights later, when Steve had kissed the children good night, put on his slippers, and was settled with his paper, the doorbell rang, and there stood Miss Tate, her eyes sparkling, her arms laden with bundles.

"I just brought some little things for the children—the gifts I mentioned—you didn't say I couldn't—it is such fun—and I do hope they aren't asleep!" she managed all in one breath.

Steve's first reaction was of annoyance and distaste at having the children excited at their bedtime—having his secretary bringing gifts for them, but she was so excited there was nothing else to do but have Mrs. Crain bring them in.

The children clung to their father and eyed Miss Tate with round, unfriendly eyes until she lured them with her gifts, letting each one undo his own parcel. There were dresses of pink and blue crisp silk for the girls, a doll for each, with matching dresses. Davey had a toy train and some new cowboy boots. The latter he eyed solemnly, clutching the train.

"Other Mama doesn't want me to wear those," he pronounced, but fell to his knees and became a tooting, chugging train immediately.

STEVE didn't explain when Miss Tate was momentarily set back. The children were so ecstatic over the gifts that they quite forgot their diffidence of the strange lady and gathered around her, all chattering at once in their treble voices. She was on the floor with them, alternately showing Davey how to wind his train and pulling the little dresses of the girls into place. Steve had to admit she was charming, even pretty, with her hair shaken loose and the flush on her face. He was always misjudging the girl.

"Pretty dress," said Ilene, her

blue eyes shining, and Phyllis echoed, "Oh, pitty."

Steve's heart smote him, seeing their pleasure in the pretty dresses. He had seen to it that they had the necessary clothes for comfort, but it had been a long time, in fact *never*, that he had bought things for beauty for the little ones.

"I'm afraid you've opened my eyes to a new duty, Miss Tate. I had no idea they were old enough to know a pretty dress from a merely useful one."

"How could you know, Steve, being a man? Only a woman knows how a little girl feels, I'm afraid."

STEVE felt a little shock at her use of his name, but quickly covered it. After all, *Steve* was his name, and there was no use being a stuffed shirt about it, especially after the girl had so unselfishly brought gifts to his children. Her words made him feel suddenly inadequate to bring up his little girls by himself. Goodness knows what mysterious benefits he would rob them of in the ignorance of his male point of view.

"I must go now," she said at last. "Would you call a cab, Steve?"

Of course Steve couldn't let her go home in a cab after such an errand, and, somehow, he had made a promise to accompany her to the theatre when he returned home that night.

Mrs. Crain mentioned Miss Tate at breakfast next morning.

"Yes, it was very thoughtful of her to bring gifts," said Steve, spooning cereal into Phyllis' mouth.

"Very nice," agreed Mrs. Crain without conviction.

Steve wiped Phyllis' chin with a napkin. "You don't sound sincere," he observed.

"*Men!*" Mrs. Crain exploded cryptically. "They don't see through a thing!" She would say no more, except that she ought not to have said as much, it was none of her business, and that the gifts had surely delighted the children.

"How's Margaret?" Steve asked, partly to change the subject, but mostly because he hadn't seen any evidence of her having been here for days, and longing for word from her. He tried to sound casual.

"Fine!" said Mrs. Crain heartily.

"You still don't," said Steve.

"Don't what?" Mrs. Crain countered.

"Sound sincere. Is something wrong?"

"I've had six children marry," Mrs. Crain said. "I never made the choice for one of them, but sometimes it is hard to sit back and watch them make mistakes."

"Look here! Is Margaret making a mistake? Doesn't she love this fellow?" demanded Steve eagerly, too eagerly, he perceived.

"She loves him, all right, or she would see him differently. Nurses are trained to worship doctors—to jump up when one comes near, wait till one goes through a door first . . . . It's 'Yes, Doctor, No, Doctor.' "

"Oh, they have to, at work, you know. Lives depend upon it—upon absolute and quick obedience of nurses to doctors, but . . . ."

"But what?"

"I have wondered how much of it affects Margaret in her feeling for Dr. Harmon, and how much is real between them. I guess you could really put all this down as

a mother's case of jitters. It is just that tomorrow she is buying her wedding dress and it seems so . . . ."

She stopped, for Steve had dropped his fork with a great clatter.

". . . . so final!"

"It does, indeed!" agreed Steve fervently, applying himself feverishly to stuffing food into the mouths of the children. For himself, he could not eat another bite, and found excuse to leave the table shortly.

* * * * *

LOOKING at it coldly, later, he realized that certainly she would be buying her wedding dress. Surely she loved Dr. Harmon, and, of course, there was nothing wrong with the man. Steve, deep in disappointment, wondered what he had expected—what he had wanted. Discovery that Dr. Harmon had impossible vices? Was a liar? A philanderer? Jealousy, Steve thought, could quickly undermine a man's finer nature.

Jealousy had nothing to do with Steve's love for Margaret, however, with the sinking sense of loss he had when he thought of her wedding, with the knife-edge of despair turning in his heart, thinking of her beyond his reach forever, once she was married. He tried to think of other things, to close the unhappy subject from his mind, but all across town, on his way to work, little snatches of conversation came vividly to his mind, little visions of her slim white figure moving through his house, of her cradling the little, sick Phyllis, of Davey and Ilene trotting faithfully after her, arguing "My mama!" "No, my mama!" He thought of his own conversation with her, his strong desire for more to come—of the emotion that had shaken him at her presence, his sharp awareness whenever she entered a room. He remembered the day he had wanted to kiss her. Now he wished he had. He would at least have had that to remember.

Steve groaned. There was nothing whatever to be gained from such thinking, and nothing to do but what he had done before—work, and work hard. There was plenty waiting for him—plenty connected with his new position as vice-president of Pikes Peak. It was more than the work and routine involved. In giving him stock and making him vice-president, J. T. had by-passed some old and faithful employees. While there was nothing anyone could do about it, Steve knew that to many he was a newcomer who had to justify J. T.'s faith in him.

There was J. T. himself. Steve had occasion to think many times that everything had its price; nothing was free of payment. It only remained to choose the coin of payment. Grateful as he was for J. T.'s interest and generosity, and for the seeming fairy tale opening for him, he came to know what the old man meant when he said: "Humor me in my whims," for J. T. was becoming more irascible every day. Steve had come to his new duties totally unprepared in many respects, and lacking in capacity in many ways for the job. He was trying hard to master each detail, but J. T. always seemed to be pushing him just a little beyond his ability. Steve took most of it gladly as a means of new growth, but the older man was not

above reminding him that he was the beneficiary of J. T.'s bounty, and that was harder to take—sometimes seemed impossible.

"You've done a lot for me, and I appreciate it," he told J. T. once, "but you haven't bought me!"

"Now, now! Steve, calm down," J. T. had shouted. "Can't you let an old man have his joke?"

STEVE wasn't so easily appeased. "You still have your wits, J. T., and you don't need to hide behind Father Time."

To Steve's dismay the intercom had been open, and report of the little intercharge went all through the plant, or so Miss Tate reported, with mirth. Steve was upset about it, for he loved J. T. and all he stood for, but the men looked at him with deep respect after that. Very few of them dared to brave the old man's roaring voice and belligerent attitude, although all of them knew his bigness of heart. The affair of the cable was a case in point. It was a lifting cable of one of the cranes—the only crane, in fact.

Steve noticed it weakening when he made his rounds. He mentioned it to J. T., saying they had better stop loading the orders of machinery onto the flat cars and replace it.

"You're just like all new vice-presidents, Steve — think money comes easy. Hang it all, we've only got one crane, and that order is a rush job."

"Each of our men has only one life," retorted Steve.

"That cable is still good as new," argued J. T.

"It has to be changed," Steve shot back.

"Look who's giving orders," shouted J. T. "Who do you think you are, the president?"

"I'm next thing to it," Steve gave back.

"Sure that cable has to be changed," said J. T. in a voice which was suddenly soft. "It's going to be changed just as soon as this order is filled."

Steve, feeling grateful for the compromise, not wanting to push J. T. too far, let it go for the present, although he kicked himself for spinelessness afterward. If a thing was dangerous, it was dangerous. Well, tomorrow was Saturday; the order would be finished and shipped. The first thing Steve would do Monday morning would be to have that cable changed.

To his relief, Saturday passed without mishap. Perhaps he had misjudged the danger. Saturday was also the night to take Miss Tate to the theatre. It was another fine experience. Steve had to admit Miss Tate had excellent taste, but again he wished for Margaret. In one moment of suspense Miss Tate's hand sought his. She seemed almost unconscious of the act, but he had the impulse of withdrawal, however, he returned the pressure slightly.

It was a mistake, for when they went to the lobby for intermission she clung to him possessively, linking her arm in his, and Steve felt uncomfortable, that she was displaying him as her own. Not that it mattered. He was a stranger in a strange land, but as they turned to leave the lobby for their seats, they came face to face with Margaret and Dr. Harmon.

(To be continued)

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

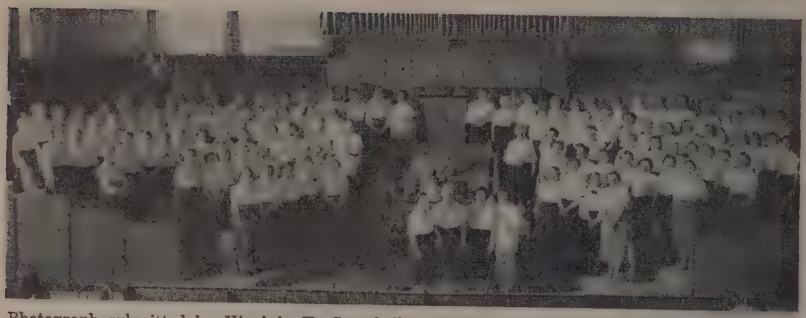
Photograph submitted by Mae P. Matis

FINNISH MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE WORK EXHIBIT PORI, FINLAND, AUTUMN 1953

Front row, seated, left to right: Senja Aalto, Lahti; Sofia Ranta, Helsinki; Mae P. Matis, President, Finnish Mission Relief Society; Anna Liisa Laakso, Tampere.

Back row, standing, left to right: Ida Johannson, Pori; Toini Halonen, Turku; Malia ValKama, Helsinki; Korttu Myynti, Vasa; Kerttu Rautavaara, Jakobstad.

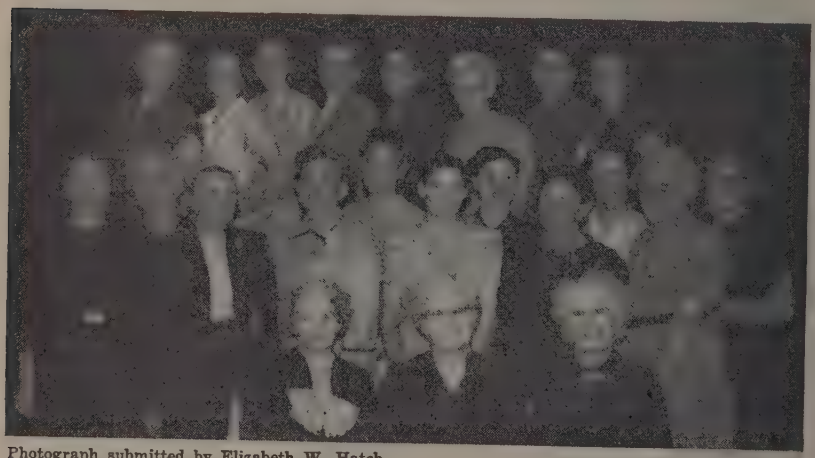
Mae P. Matis, President, Finnish Mission Relief Society, in reporting on the activities of the enthusiastic Relief Society sisters of Finland, writes: "Everything is fine here in the Finnish Mission. Our sisters are all working hard on bazaars and enjoying the lessons . . . . I am enclosing a picture of our mission-wide conference in Pori last spring. These conferences are always a spiritual feast, and they give a feeling of unity and strength to the sisters who are so new in this work. The group includes a work director from each branch participating in the conference. Each of them had brought an article or two of handwork to exhibit at our conference . . . . I am so proud of each of our groups and the things they accomplish. They are mindful of the sick and poor and always willing to give of their substance to help those less fortunate. . . . All the Finnish sisters join with me in sending to all members of the general board our love and best wishes . . . ."



Photograph submitted by Virginia K. Campbell

EAST RIGBY STAKE (IDAHO) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC AT STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, March 1953

Standing in front of the piano, left to right: Ruth Sessions, chorister; Virginia K. Campbell, President; Charlotte Brown, organist; Thelma Welker, assistant organist.



Photograph submitted by Elizabeth W. Hatch

IDAHO STAKE, KELLY-TOPONCE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS AND MEMBERS WHO HAVE WORKED TOGETHER FOR ELEVEN YEARS

Front row, seated, left to right: Elsie Millward, First Counselor; Elva A. Call, President; Elnora Shipley, Second Counselor.

Second row, standing, left to right: Faye Cooper; Martha Stoddard; Martha Shipley; Klea C. Perkins, Secretary; Wanda Whitworth; Lenna Bowler; A'vanda Shipley; Bertha Simons; Marcelle Hatch; Ida Miles; DeLila Simons.

Third row, standing, left to right: Ann Whitworth, organist; Grace Whitworth, literature class leader; Elsa Marie Wilson; Thelma Redford, theology class leader; Idris Hebdon; Elizabeth Hatch, social science class leader; Agatha Hatch; Grace Byington.

Elizabeth W. Hatch is president of Idaho Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Mildred M. Dillman

WESTERN STATES MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE HELD IN DENVER, COLORADO, August 27th and 28th, 1953

Front row, left to right: Grace Gardner, President, Pueblo District; Emma Mae Allen, President, West Nebraska District; Mima Tuttle, President, West Colorado District; Clarinda Roundy, President, West New Mexico District; Ray E. Dillman, President, Western States Mission; Mildred M. Dillman, President, Western States Mission Relief Society; Belle S. Spafford, General President of Relief Society; Kate Whetten, Counselor, Western States Mission Relief Society; Louine Cromar; Hazel Loy; Colleen Kirgan; Reva Johnson, President, Delta, Colorado, Relief Society.

Second row, left to right: Cloravella Brooks, Del Norte Relief Society; Alma Schofield, President, San Luis District; Anna Davis, President, Albuquerque Branch Relief Society; Hazel King, Albuquerque; Bertha Jensen, theology class leader, West Colorado District; Maymie Riding; Lerena Barlow, work director, West Colorado District; Evelyn McKinnon, Counselor, West Colorado District; Gladys Knight; Mildred Moss; Florence Grow.

Photograph submitted by Elva J. Beal

LOST RIVER STAKE (IDAHO) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT EIGHTH ANNUAL RELIEF SOCIETY CONCERT

At left, front row, Fern Gunderson, reader; standing directly behind the organ on the front row, Alta Hansen, chorister; second from the left on the second row, Elva J. Beal, President, Lost River Stake Relief Society; standing directly in front of the piano, Bernice Wennergren, pianist; ninth from the left, back row, Mary B. Tibbits, First Counselor.

Photograph submitted by Stella C. Nelson

HAWAIIAN MISSION, MAUI DISTRICT CONVENTION, September 1953

Stella C. Nelson, President, Hawaiian Mission Relief Society, reports that the sisters in the Hawaiian Mission are enthusiastic workers, and the Mau District Convention was unusually successful: "We had eighty-three in attendance at the morning session, and eighty-two in the afternoon. The theme was 'Better Planning Makes the Relief Society More Interesting All Year.' Maui District has thirteen active Relief Societies, with an enrollment of 175. We were pleased with the large attendance, as many of the sisters had to come quite a distance to attend. These conventions that we have held throughout our mission this past year, I am sure, will be a great help in our work. Already I can see how much improvement has been made and how much more interest the sisters are taking."

Photograph submitted by Nona W. Slade

RIVERDALE STAKE (OGDEN, UTAH), TWENTY-SECOND WARD VISITING TEACHERS WHO ACHIEVED A 100 PER CENT RECORD FOR THREE YEARS ARE HONORED AT BANQUET
May 26, 1953

Seated at left side of left-hand table, left to right: Cora Stoddard; Louisa Ensign; Thelma Ketcham; Berneice Brown. At end of left-hand table, left to right: Ethel Mar-

riott; Zella Jones; Luella Dustin. At right side of left-hand table, from back to front: Grace Adderley; Olive Wilson; Erma Vanden Akker, chorister; Carrole Vanden Akker.

Seated at the right-hand table, beginning at the front, left: Ida C. Cook; Ardella Johnson; Mary Drake; Esther Mitchell; Madolin Jensen; Alice McFerrin; Elsie Godfrey; Alice Baker; Martha Van Braak; Virginia Jensen; Haleen Christiansen; Mary Workman.

Standing at the back, left to right: Norrine Fowers; Lucy Beckstead; Reka Vlaanderen; Anna Cole; Mary Burgess; Second Counselor Catherine Souter; President Margaret Reyns; First Counselor Emily Wilson; Secretary Laura P. Gamble; work meeting leader Mary Edith Empey.

Photograph submitted by Betty Buckley

SOUTHERN STATES MISSION, SOUTH MISSISSIPPI DISTRICT, RED STAR BRANCH WORK MEETING, October 8, 1953

Front row, seated, left to right: Arcola Brady, Secretary; Sallie Britt, Second Counselor; Betty Buckley, President; Grace Reed, First Counselor.

Second row, standing, left to right: Margaret Britt; Menerva Cornley; Katie Smith.

Third row, standing, left to right: Leola Reed; Louise Kimble; Nellie Ward; Beatrice Dunn; Edith Norton; Hazel Smith.

Fourth row, standing, left to right: Susie Newell; Leanee Britt; Francis Britt; Nellie Calcote; Rachel Britt; Mildred Smith; Eunice Smith; Blanche Reed.

Emily E. Ricks is president of the Southern States Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Lavena L. Rohner

INGLEWOOD STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCES, RELIEF SOCIETY CONVENTIONS, AND FOR SOCIALS

Standing in front of the piano, left to right: President Lavena L. Rohner; chorister Margaret W. Chapman.

Seated at the piano, Lucille Peel, organist.

President Lavena L. Rohner reports that this group, organized in 1948, has furnished music for stake conferences, for Relief Society conventions, and for many socials. They have presented several outstanding Easter cantatas, including the lovely dramatic presentation of "The Seven Last Words of Christ." Their beautifully rendered numbers are an important part of all stake Relief Society gatherings.

Photograph submitted by Elnora T. Loveland

BOISE STAKE VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION, September 17, 1953

Front row, seated, left to right: President Elnora T. Loveland; First Counselor Edna Millar; Second Counselor Wave Hinckley; Secretary Lillian Call; visiting teacher message leader Irene Hayes.

More than three hundred women from the nine wards of Boise Stake attended the convention. President Elnora Loveland presented, as a pattern for the visiting teachers, the following qualities: dependability, tolerance, charity, love, humility, and prayer. Sister Mary Emma Russell was honored as having served for the longest period of time—fifty-two years, and Mary Porritt was honored for having served fifty years. Twenty-four of the visiting teachers have served for twenty-five years. Eighty-three of the teachers achieved a record of one hundred per cent for the past year. All were given beautiful corsages and each was presented with a copy of *A Centenary of Relief Society*.

Photograph submitted by Emma L. Stephens

LORIN FARR STAKE (OGDEN, UTAH) VISITING TEACHERS WHO HAVE SERVED FOR MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS

Left to right: Annis Badger, ninety-two years old, a visiting teacher for fifty years; Bertha Simmons, sixty-seven years old, who has served as a visiting teacher for fifty-one years; Charlotte Swenson, seventy-five, who has served as a visiting teacher for fifty-two years. Sister Simmons and Sister Swenson still visit their districts each month

Emma L. Stephens is president of Lorin Farr Stake Relief Society.

Because of Me

Bertha A. Kleinman

Before I lose the beauty of today,
And night shall pencil out the horizon,
Let me respond with something brave to say,
Something for you before the day is gone.
Before I lose the glint of this sweet hour,
And day's routine shall portion all my time,
Let me some message with its good empower,
To tell you how I love you, friend of mine!
Before I lose the courage you have taught,
The treasure of conviction you possess,
Let me respond in some reflected thought
To carry on and on its loveliness.
Let me strive on some oracle to be
That you shall yet be glad because of me.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 24—Alma, Son of Alma

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon: Alma 1-8)

For Tuesday, May 4, 1954

Objective: To point out the influence which righteous men can exert in a democracy.

AFTER the death of Alma the father and King Mosiah, Alma the son had full responsibility for the ecclesiastical and secular affairs of the Nephites throughout the land of Zarahemla, he being chief judge and high priest. (See Mosiah 29:42.) The task of administering the government was based upon laws Mosiah had formulated, and these laws had been accepted by the people. Moreover, the people had elected their lesser judges and were aware of the responsibility which they had to protect and preserve their newly given liberties under their representative form of government.

Nehor

Always, however, there are people who will not work according to a pattern established by the majority. Nehor was one of these men. In the first year of the reign of the judges, he struggled to introduce priestcraft among the people. He taught that every priest and every teacher ought to become popular, and ought not to labor for his own support, but should be supported by the people. He contended against members of the Church because they preached the gospel one to another without money and without price.

In lieu of the true gospel, Nehor taught that the Lord had created all men and had redeemed all men, and, in the end, all men should have eternal life.

Nehor found many people who believed his words, and he even began to establish a church. But Nehor was not willing to rely upon his persuasive power alone, but sought to enforce his views by means of the sword.

One day Nehor met Gideon, who had been an instrument in the hands of God in delivering Limhi and his people out of bondage, a

teacher and a valiant defender of the faith. Altercations arose between them when Gideon opposed Nehor's point of view. As the argument became more heated, Nehor unsheathed his sword and slew Gideon, who was old and not able to withstand Nehor's blows.

Nehor was given a trial and was judged by Alma in accordance with the law which has been established among the people by Mosiah. By the law Alma condemned him to death as a murderer. He was also guilty of priestcraft and had sought to enforce it by the sword. Nehor was, therefore, taken to the top of the hill Manti and was put to death.

Nehor's death, however, did not end priestcraft, for there were other greedy souls who sought for riches and honor. These men contrived to preach false doctrines, feigning a sincere belief in them, because they knew that the laws of Mosiah punished a liar, but the law had no power on any man for his belief. Resultant conditions brought the withdrawal and excommunication of many from the Church.

Persecution of the members of the Church followed. This persecution solidified the group. Those who had sufficient food shared with the poor, the needy, and the afflicted. The people realized that all were equally precious in the sight of God, that the preacher was no better than the hearer, nor the teacher than the learner.

A spirit of greater co-operation entered among the members of the Church, and they increased in all kinds of wealth. They had an abundance of flocks, herds, grain, gold, silver, silk, linen, and other precious things. They regarded their wealth, not as an end, but as a means; they did not set their hearts upon riches but were liberal to all. They clothed the naked, fed the hungry, and administered relief to the sick.

This condition did not exist among those who did not belong to the Church. Following such base and wicked practices as idleness, gossiping, idolatry, whoredoms, sorceries, and murderings, contentions arose among them and they wasted what they did gather together, showing how a lack of righteousness produces economic deterioration among a people.

Amlici

In the beginning of the fifth year of the reign of the judges, another complex problem arose. A minority group of the people sought to make Amlici their king. They realized, of course, that it must be done by the consent of the people. All the people gathered together "to cast in their voices concerning the matter . . . . and the voice of the people came against Amlici." Dissatisfied with the result, and unwilling to abide by the decision of the majority, Amlici encouraged his followers to disregard the majority, and he was soon made king over the minority group.

In the terrible battle which followed, the Amlicites were defeated. Spies sent by Alma followed the fleeing Amlicites as far as the land of Minon, above the land of Zarahemla. They reported that the Amlicites had joined with a numerous host of Lamanites and were attacking the Nephites living in that territory.

Strengthened by the righteousness of their cause and by the hand of the Lord, the Nephites defeated the combined forces of the Lamanites and Amlicites "as numerous almost, as it were, as the sands of the sea" (Alma 2:27). Alma fought face to face with Amlici in the battle with swords, and Alma being strengthened by the Lord, slew Amlici.

By the sixth year of the reign of the judges peace was restored throughout the land. However, every soul had cause to mourn—mourning over the loss of their loved ones, and the destruction of their grain, flocks, and herds. The people believed "it was the judgments of God sent upon them because of their wickedness and . . . they were awakened to a remembrance of their duty" (Alma 4:3) and turned to their God for help. Many converts were baptized in the waters of the river Sidon, and they began to establish the Church more fully.

However, in the eighth year, pride entered the hearts of the people and wickedness sapped their vitality. They "set their hearts upon riches and upon the vain things of the world" (Alma 4:8) and did not put first things first, to seek after the real satisfactions of life.

Wickedness in the Church became a "great stumbling-block to those who did not belong to the church" (Alma 4:10).

Alma Delivers Up the Judgment-Seat

Recognizing this decline in spirituality and feeling the dire need for curbing it, Alma delivered the judgment-seat to Nephihah according to the voice of the people, "and confined himself wholly to the high priesthood of the holy order of God, to the testimony of the word, according to the spirit of revelation and prophecy . . . . This he did that he himself might go forth among his people . . . that he might preach the word of God unto them, to stir them up in remembrance of their duty, and that he might pull down, by the word of God, all the pride and craftiness and all the contentions which were among his people, seeing no way that he might reclaim them save it were in bearing down in pure testimony against them" (Alma 4:20, 19).

He preached to them in their cities and villages, denouncing their iniquities and calling upon them to repent. He frequently used the rhetorical question as a means of enforcing his ideas.

> Have you sufficiently retained in remembrance the captivity of your fathers? . . . were they destroyed? . . . . What grounds had they to hope for salvation? . . . . have ye spiritually been born of God? . . . . Have ye experienced this mighty change in your hearts? Do ye exercise faith in the redemption of him who created you? . . . . Have ye walked, keeping yourselves blameless before God? . . . . are ye stripped of pride? . . . . is there one among you who is not stripped of envy? (Alma 5:6 ff.).

He answered all of these questions at once by saying:

> Wo unto all ye workers of iniquity; repent, repent, for the Lord God hath spoken it! . . . . Yea, he saith: . . . come unto me and bring forth works of righteousness, and ye shall not be hewn down and cast into the fire—For behold, the time is at hand that whosoever . . . doeth not the works of righteousness, the same have cause to wail and mourn (Alma 5:32 ff.).

Alma did more than call people to repentance. He gave them his personal testimony that Jesus Christ, the Only Begotten of the Father, should come to earth and atone for the sins of every man who would repent and believe in him. Infusing this testimony into the hearts of his people, was the most powerful means he had at his command to get them to repent and do works of righteousness, following the Good Shepherd, Jesus Christ.

Alma Preaches to People in Gideon

After this beginning to establish the order of the Church in Zarahemla (Alma 7:4), and after having ordained priests and teachers to preside and watch over the Church, he went to the valley of Gideon to continue his reform movement. He complimented them on being "in the paths of righteousness." He told them that the time was not far distant when the Redeemer would come and live among his people in a tabernacle of flesh. He said:

> And behold, he shall be born of Mary, at Jerusalem which is the land of our forefathers, she being a virgin, a precious and chosen vessel, who shall be overshadowed and conceive by the power of the Holy Ghost, and bring forth a son, yea even the Son of God (Alma 7:10).

Alma called upon non-members of the Church to cast aside their sins. He also warned them that God cannot dwell in unholy temples and urged them after baptism to walk blameless before him. He warned:

> And now I would that ye should be humble, and be submissive and gentle; easy to be entreated; full of patience and long-suffering; being temperate in all things; being diligent in keeping the commandments of God at all times; asking for whatsoever things ye stand in need, both spiritual and temporal; always returning thanks unto God for whatsoever things ye do receive. And see that ye have faith, hope, and charity, and then ye will always abound in good works (Alma 7:23-24).

Having established the order of the Church in Gideon, as he had in Zarahemla, Alma returned to his own home to rest.

Alma Preaches to People of Melek

In the tenth year of the reign of the judges, Alma went to the land of Melek, west of the river Sidon. These people were responsive to his message and came to him throughout all the land of Melek for baptism.

Alma Journeys to Ammonihah

When he had finished his work at Melek, Alma entered Ammonihah. These people were wicked, and they would not hearken to his message. They "reviled him, and spit upon him, and caused that he should be cast out of their city," saying:

> We know that because we are not of thy church we know that thou hast no power over us; and thou hast delivered up the judgment-seat unto Nephihah; therefore thou art not the chief judge over us (Alma 8:12).

Weighed down with sorrow and anguish of soul, Alma started for the city of Aaron. But he did not reach that city, for an angel of the Lord appeared to him and said:

> Blessed art thou, Alma; therefore, lift up thy head and rejoice, for thou hast great cause to rejoice; for thou hast been faithful in keeping the commandments of God from the time which thou receivedst thy first message from him. Behold, I am

he that delivered it unto you (Alma 8:15).

This angel instructed him to return to Ammonihah and foretell the destruction of the people except they repented. Built up in his faith and knowing that God was pleased with his work, Alma returned speedily to the land of Ammonihah. As he entered the city, hungry and tired,, he met a man whom he asked for something to eat. This man said to Alma:

I am a Nephite, and I know that thou art a holy prophet of God, for thou art the man whom an angel said in a vision: Thou shalt receive (Alma 8:20).

This man, Amulek, became Alma's missionary companion. Together they were to preach repentance to the people of Ammonihah. God strengthened them and they had power given to them so they could not be confined in dungeons or slain.

And it came to pass that they went forth and began to preach and to prophesy unto the people, according to the spirit and power which the Lord had given them (Alma 8:32).

Questions for Discussion

1. Why did Alma consider priestcraft dangerous? Discuss priestcraft as set forth in Alma 1:3; and 2 Nephi 26:29.
2. Why was Alma concerned about the efforts of Amlici to become king?
3. How does iniquity in our Church serve as a stumbling block to those outside the Church?
4. How industrious was Alma in the service of God?
5. What can we learn from this lesson concerning the solution of our national problems?

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 24—"... Seek Not to Counsel the Lord, But to Take Counsel From His Hand. For Behold, Ye Yourselves Know That He Counseleth in Wisdom, and in Justice, and in Great Mercy, Over All His Works" (Jacob 4:10).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, May 4, 1954

Objective: To stress the wisdom of adherence to the counsel of God.

OFTEN we attempt to counsel the Lord, though perhaps we do not realize we are doing so. We tell the Lord what to give us, we beseech, plead, almost demand certain blessings, or special help from difficulties we are in, without remembering that he knows, far better than we, what is best for us.

In Mosiah (chapter 4, verse 9), King Benjamin says: "... man doth not comprehend all the things which the Lord can comprehend." If we are always aware of this fact, then, when we petition the Lord for blessings and aid, we will say to him in substance, "Heavenly Father, we desire this blessing very much, but thou knowest what is best for us. We will accept thy decision and thy will."

A young woman was critically injured in an automobile accident. When friends called to express the

hope that she would recover, her father said, "We are asking our Heavenly Father that she recover, but we are bowing to his greater wisdom to do what is best."

Our role in seeking divine aid is to ask in sincerity and faith for the things which we desire and which we truly feel would be for our good, and then to leave the decision to our Father in Heaven. Elder Matthew Cowley has said, "Let us live worthy of the things we pray for, and pray for the things we are worthy of" (General Conference, April 1952). The matter of worthiness is also to be considered.

In viewing the marvelous works of the Lord, surely we acknowledge his supreme power. We recognize the order and precision with which he governs the forces of the universe. How, then, can we doubt that he knows the needs of his sons and daughters?

To argue against the Lord's counsel or to look for excuses for not following it, is very unwise. Some may say, "I believe I can keep the Sabbath day by driving up the canyons amid the beauties of nature just as well as by attending meetings." But the Lord has counseled, even commanded, "Thou shalt go to the house of prayer and offer up thy sacraments upon my holy day" (D. & C. 59:9). There should be wholehearted acquiescence by his children and a great feeling of gratitude for being so instructed.

To accept counsel from the hand of the Lord means also to accept the counsel of his authorized representatives. The Lord does not come to each one of us personally with counsel; but he gives instruction through his authorized servants. In the Doctrine and Covenants he tells us: ". . . whether by mine own voice or by the voice of my servants, it is the same" (D. & C. 1:38).

Willingness to accept counsel from recognized authority is not a sign of weakness; on the contrary, it is a sign of great understanding and wisdom. ". . . To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams" (I Samuel 15:22).

Work Meeting—Family Money Management

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 8—Spending Your Health Dollar

Rhea H. Gardner

(For Tuesday, May 11, 1954)

"GOOD health is something people appreciate most when they don't have it."

Buying good health is not the same as spending money for food, clothing, and shelter. These needs can be budgeted because their costs are constant. However, health and medical costs are uncertain and unpredictable. For this reason, the cost of ill health is, for most families, the hardest of all expenditures to meet.

The average family spends about

five per cent of its income for medical and dental care. It may claim as much as one hundred per cent, thus completely upsetting the economic stability of the family, unless a reserve fund has been built up for this purpose.

Money spent wisely for the preservation of health pays bigger dividends than does any other kind of investment. In setting up a budget for family health, it is well to plan for costs relative to the preservation of it. Prevention is as a rule cheaper than cure.

Medical care is only one factor in keeping the individual and the family in a good state of health. The best medical service cannot be successful unless the patient has suitable food, good housing, adequate recreation, practices simple rules of hygiene, and is reasonably free from emotional anxieties. Our attitudes and practices with respect to these things are all important to healthful living.

If all would observe the adage "don't let fatigue catch up with you," millions of health dollars could be saved each year. Often those persons who do not have time for short rest periods, end up spending long periods in complete "rest," either at home or in a hospital.

Even the best medicine is an expensive substitute for good food. The most economical places to spend your health dollars are at the butcher shops, grocery stores, fruit and vegetable gardens, rather than drugstores.

There is no justification whatever for the widespread use of vitamin pills. They supply materials that are readily and generously available in a well-rounded diet. Infants, small children, and persons unable to eat all foods required by the body, are exceptions. Their diets may need to be supplemented with certain vitamins. Act on the advice of your family doctor in this regard.

This is the advice of Dr. Maxwell M. Wintrobe, Head of the College of Medicine, University of Utah.

Being prepared for emergencies by having a good first-aid book and a complete first-aid kit handy has saved many families thousands of dollars. Regard them as necessities in your home and provide a first-aid kit suitable to your family's need.

Life-long illness or even death is too often the price paid for neglect of one kind or another. For example, a large percentage of cancer is curable if detected in time, and nearly one hundred per cent of tuberculosis is curable if treated early.

Practices that contribute to one's general good health, aid dental health, also. It has been estimated that at least one-third of all dental troubles could be prevented if we would brush the teeth correctly at least twice each day, preferably after each meal, eat the right foods, and have a dental checkup every six months.

Make special effort each day to include in the diet some raw or crisp food, such as lettuce, celery, carrots, cabbage, fruits, hard toast, or bread crusts. They cost less than do dental bills that are likely to result, if these foods are not eaten. "All persons would benefit from the standpoint of general health and especially dental health by keeping the consumption of confections and sweetened beverages to a minimum," advises the Council on Den-

tal Health of the American Dental Association.

Regardless of what one does to safeguard health, medical assistance is needed sooner or later by most of us. Membership in a reliable health insurance plan will help meet expenses that might otherwise place a severe hardship on the family purse. Prepayment is usually less costly and easier to bear than post-payment. In considering such a plan make sure you understand all the provisions in the policy.

Do you know how much the sedatives and pain killers you bought last year cost you? Chances are, more than was necessary, if you let advertised brands influence your choice. The same product may cost four or five times more under a widely advertised name than one less known. So long as USP or NF appears on the label you are assured of a safe product.

It has been estimated that more than four hundred million dollars is spent annually by Americans for patent medicines. Some of this huge sum is spent on drug products that are dangerous to health, or virtually worthless for the ailment treated. Some of these cure-alls contain a coal-tar derivative that, say medical authorities, can seriously affect the heart. Furthermore, since pain is considered a warning, and if only pain is relieved, a disease may go undetected until a cure is extremely costly, if not impossible. At best, patients get a harmless pill that does nothing to relieve the basic cause of ill health. The pocketbook is relieved, instead.

Truly wise parents will not bargain with health. They and their children will practice simple rules of hygiene and good health each day. They will select a doctor from among the well-qualified physicians and rely on him for medical advice and assistance. If specialized treatment becomes necessary, on the advice of the family doctor, they will consult a specialist. Self-diagnosis and self-treatment are dangerous.

Health protection pays, but far sweeter than the jingling of money saved, or more money earned because of the absence of illness, is the fact that by protecting our health we can enjoy more years of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Is it easier to get people to fight disease than to work for health?
2. Our present food supply is the safest and most nutritious in history, yet never before has so much been spent for diet supplements.

Cycle

Louise Morris Kelley

All sublimated prayers begun
And charitable actions done
By a God-seeking populace
Will, as distilled, pure dewdrops, rise
To unseen reaches of the skies,
Forming a soul-cloud cumulus,
From which, should there be want or pain.
God's blessings may pour down as rain.

Literature—The Literature of England

Lesson 40—Charlotte Bronte (1816-1855)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Text: *Jane Eyre*, Modern Library Edition)

For Tuesday, May 18, 1954

Objective: To enter more fully into the imaginative reality of *Jane Eyre*, that the significance of this work in the history of the English novel might be better understood.

THE three Bronte sisters created their art out of a most barren, uneventful actuality. Anne's novels are at least competent; *Jane Eyre*, (pronounced "air") written by Charlotte, the oldest of the three, remains after 106 years a great and powerful novel; Emily's *Wuthering Heights*, though slower to gain popularity, today is considered one of the great books in the language. And the greatness of their accomplishment lies not at all in their restating apparent fact.

Just as in all enduring art, the Bronte sisters' writing pierces far beneath the surface of facts and creates the universal imaginative reality. Shakespeare's *Hamlet* has a greater reality in the imaginations of men than any *factual* Hamlet could ever enjoy. Similarly, the fictional Jane Eyre is immortal; she exists, a great imaginative creation, and one which might better help us know ourselves and our fellows.

Life Sketch

Her creator, Charlotte Bronte, was born in 1816, the third of six children. She was reared in the Haworth parsonage far out on the lonely, bleak moors of Yorkshire, the graveyard immediately on one side of the house, the moor on the other. Her parents, Patrick and Maria Bronte, were Irish. Both had a zest for writing.

When Mrs. Bronte died in 1821, Charlotte was five. At once Reverend Bronte invited Elizabeth Branwell, his wife's sister, to come to Haworth parsonage and rear his children. She came, and cared for the children in a mechanical way, but she took her meals alone, and gave the children little love or attention.

Patrick, the father, was himself something of an eccentric. He spent most of his time alone in his study writing poetry and reading widely.

Thus the Bronte children had most of their time to themselves to wander about the lonely moor, to read and play. Though their home was isolated, it was not an unhappy home. The children fulfilled their own intense emotional and imaginative needs as best they could.

When Charlotte was eight, the four oldest girls were sent to a school for clergymen's daughters where they were most unhappy. Before the year ended all came home. The two sisters older than Charlotte died of tuberculosis shortly after returning home. It was not long afterward that Charlotte, now the leader of the children, began writing imaginary sketches about a set of soldiers given her brother Bran-

well. These stories, written by near-sighted Charlotte in a script so small that it can be read with ease only with a magnifying glass, were as exciting as they were voluminous. In the fifteen months before she was fifteen, Charlotte wrote twenty-three "novels" or episodes portraying a mythical kingdom which she called Angria. Most of the main characters and many plots and events of her mature writings first appeared in these childhood creations.

After attending Miss Wooler's school, the Bronte sisters acted as governesses, of which they quickly tired. Aspiring to open their own school, they attended Mr. Heger's school in Brussels to improve their skill in language. When they were called home at the death of their aunt, only Charlotte returned to Brussels for another year.

When she came back to Haworth, she advertised for pupils, but none came. In 1845 the three sisters discovered that each had been writing poetry in secret, so at their own expense they published their poetry, signing it Currer (Charlotte), Ellis (Emily), and Acton (Anne) Bell. Only two copies were sold, but they had experienced the thrill of seeing their work in print.

At once each sister began writing a novel, Charlotte writing *The Professor*, unpublished until after her death. When it was sympathetically declined by a publisher, she was so encouraged that she began *Jane Eyre*. In August 1847, almost a year later, it was completed, and the publisher's reader was so enthralled by her manuscript that he sat up all night reading it. Published in October, *Jane Eyre* was a best seller by Christmas, and Charlotte was immediately famous. She went to London, met the great literary figures, then returned home to care for her nearly blind father. Soon her debauched brother Branwell died, followed within a few months by both Emily and Anne, victims of tuberculosis. She wrote two other novels, *Shirley* and *Villette*. In 1854 she accepted her fourth proposal of marriage, but within the year she died in childbirth, age thirty-nine.

Plot of Jane Eyre

Naturally Charlotte is the heroine of Jane Eyre, and many incidents parallel those of her own life.

The novel begins with Jane, a ten-year-old orphan, hated and mistreated in the home of her aunt, Mrs. Reed, who finally becomes desperate and sends Jane to a semi-charitable school for girls where living conditions are frighteningly inhumane. After eight years at the school, Jane leaves to act as governess at Thornfield Hall, owned by fierce, disillusioned Mr. Rochester, much older than Jane. Through a series of spirited conversations they fall in love and plan to marry, but at the church it is revealed that Rochester is already married, having concealed his maniac wife for more than a decade in the attic of Thornfield Hall.

Despite her intense love for Rochester, Jane leaves him immediately and, destitute, she is taken in by young Reverend St. John Rivers and his two sisters. They are friends at once, and St. John, having dedicated his future to a mission in India, persuades Jane so

convincingly to enter into a loveless marriage with him that she is almost ready to yield, when, mysteriously, she hears Rochester calling her name. She rushes back to Thornfield to find it in ruins, burned by Rochester's mad wife. Nearby she finds Rochester blind and maimed. Jane marries him. In time his sight returns and he acknowledges that God has tempered judgment with mercy when he is enabled to see his first-born.

Significance of Jane Eyre

In tone, point of view, intensity, and purpose, Charlotte Bronte soared beyond and above earlier practices in English fiction. While earlier English novels recorded what the heroine said and did, Charlotte Bronte tells vividly what and how the heroine felt deep within. Previously, fiction had been presented from the point of view of society, or the group; it is significant that Jane Eyre's world of reality can be communicated to the reader only by telling what happens within one individual. Without reserve, Jane shares her secret impulses, her hopes, and fears with the reader. This Miss Bronte does so well that the reader cannot help but live again the intensities of Jane's own life as they are poured onto the page. Thus the subject matter of *Jane Eyre* remains as universal as its appeal is enduring.

Style and Mood

From the first sentence, "There was no possibility of taking a walk that day. We had been wandering, indeed, in the leafless shrubbery an hour . . ." to the concluding chapter beginning, "Reader, I married him," we are, save for certain imperfect minor passages, completely within Charlotte Bronte's realm of intense, imaginative reality.

A Perry Picture
CHARLOTTE BRONTE
1816-1855

Everything reveals Jane to us. For example, Miss Bronte utilizes descriptions of environment to create a corresponding mood within Jane. At the very beginning of the novel, when, depressed and unloved as a child, Jane reads in books of "the haunts of sea-fowl; of the solitary rocks and promontories by them only inhabited" (page 4, Modern Library Edition); at her left were "clear panes of glass, protecting, but not separating me from the drear November day."

After the evil winter of typhoid, cold, and starvation at Lowood School, Jane embodies her own sense of release in her description of the grounds:

> And now vegetation matured with vigour: Lowood shook loose its tresses: it

became all green, all flowery; its great elm, ash, and oak skeletons were restored to majestic life . . . (page 79).

The restoration of nature's skeletons to life symbolizes the restoration of the almost dead human skeletons within the school who now bloomed with nature.

Just as Jane's hopes rose at the prospect of a new life at Thornfield Hall, so the rising moon which first revealed Rochester to her was

. . . pale yet as a cloud, but brightening momently: [from the nearby town] in the absolute hush I could hear plainly its thin murmurs of life. My ear too felt the flow of currents; in what dales and depths I could not tell. . . . That evening calm betrayed alike the tinkle of the nearest streams, the sough of the most remote (page 119).

Even so, Jane herself was pale but brightening; within herself were deep currents, as well as the tinkle of streams near and distant. How better could she create a mood than by letting nature mirror her own?

Miss Bronte uses the same device to characterize Rochester when, months later, he meets Jane in the garden for one of their brilliant conversations. Intoxicated by Jane's courage, sharp mind, and quick wit, he contemplates the view of Thornfield Hall:

I like this day: I like that sky of steel; I like the sternness and stillness of the world under this frost. I like Thornfield; its antiquity . . . its grey facade, and lines of dark windows reflecting that metal welkin: and yet how long have I abhorred the very thought of it; shunned it like a great plague-house . . . (page 152).

To the scene he imparts his own mood and qualities; even as his character is one of steel hardness, so does he admire the still, stern qualities of steelness about him; the dark windows of Thornfield, themselves symbolizing the remorse and despair he had known within its walls.

Miss Bronte employs this device constantly. For example, Jane's description of her welcome back to Thornfield after she had attended her aunt's funeral services tells the great need within Jane for human love and affection. When Jane is welcomed with smiles and enthusiasm by her fellow employees, she comments that "There is no happiness like that of being loved by your fellow creatures, and feeling that your presence is an addition of their comfort" (page 266). She then tells how, sitting together with her friends in the warm kitchen, "a sense of mutual affection seemed to surround us with a ring of golden peace" (page 266). In this same blissful mood she begins the next chapter: ". . . It was as if a band of Italian days had come from the South, like a flock of glorious passenger birds" (page 267).

The most important symbol in the novel is the magnificent chestnut tree at Thornfield, split in two by a violent storm the night after Jane agrees to marry Rochester. This tearing asunder of the most stalwart, ageless object at Thornfield predicts not only the cleavage between the present Rochester and the one soon to be revealed, but it also represents two temptations within Jane, both of which she overcomes. The first temptation, is to give herself headlong to Rochester and run away in defiance of all self-respect and moral law, and the second, is to deny completely her need for a shared, creative love, and marry St. John Rivers, the cold, ambi-

tious missionary who is so intent on other worldly values that he disregards, even kills the spirit of Jane and others near him.

The power of Miss Bronte's style is best revealed in the conversations between Jane and Rochester, but these are too long to quote here. Impassioned, fiery, terse, subtle, these interchanges not only reveal to each participant the formidable powers and character of the other; these communions of intellect and spirit also make possible the mutual respect which rapidly grows into a consuming, mature love.

Theme

Charlotte Bronte (and therefore Jane Eyre) rebelled against living the anonymous life of the average Victorian woman—sedentary, passive, inconsequential — surrounded by the dominance and creative vigor of a masculine world. Quite justly Jane Eyre has been defined as one of the first modern women. Rather than bow to the conventional view that women are somehow a lesser species of humanity, Jane demands the right to be a free, mature person, to own her soul and to be allowed to express her entire personality and integrity in her life-quest for self-realization. For Jane the kernel of life is human love, but true love and understanding can endure only when the individuality and integrity of both partners is not only recognized, but encouraged to fullest growth within the marriage relationship.

The novel tells how the maturing Jane Eyre succeeds in freeing herself from "a conventionality which is not morality" and a "self-righteousness which is not religion." Her indomitable spirit rises above the hatred and jealousy of Mrs. Reed, the bigoted hypocrisy of Reverend Brocklehurst, the mediocre dullness of Mrs. Fairfax, the affected snobbery of the Ingrams, the withering religious zeal of Eliza, the shallow selfishness of Georgiana, and the ascetic denial of self and human affection in the Reverend St. John Rivers.

Jane's supreme test comes when, finally, she learns that her love for Rochester is returned, but that she must leave him at once. Earlier, disguised as a gypsy, Rochester had shrewdly and accurately defined her character as one who says:

> I can live alone, if self-respect and circumstances require me so to do. I need not sell my soul to buy bliss. I have an inward treasure, born with me, which can keep me alive if all extraneous delights should be withheld . . . . Reason sits firm and holds the reins, and she will not let the feelings burst away and hurry her to wild chasms . . . . (pp. 216-217).

In this hour of trial, when almost maddened by the thought of losing her, Rochester begs Jane to run away with him to France, he asks her, "Who in the world cares for you? or who will be injured by what you do?"

Jane replies:

> I care for myself. The more solitary, the more friendless, the more unsustained I am, the more I will respect myself. I will keep the law given by God; sanctioned by man . . . . Laws and principles are not for the times when there is no temptation: they are for such moments as this, when body and soul rise in mutiny against their rigour; stringent are they; inviolate they shall be . . . . Preconceived opinions, foregone determinations, are all I have at this hour to stand by: there I plant my foot (page 344).

Realizing the firmness of her resolve, Rochester confesses defeat before this "resolute, wild, free thing defying me, with more than courage—with a stern triumph" (page 345).

And thus Jane, at the period of most tense emotional strain, maintains her spiritual and moral integrity. When finally she does come to the invalid Rochester to offer herself as his future wife and companion, she can offer a complete, whole woman, not a physical entity only, or one soul-scarred by remorse —remorse which had so nearly destroyed the soul of her beloved Rochester before she restored him.

Throughout, *Jane Eyre* is pitched in a higher key than many novels. Its intensity seldom lessens; its power comes from the moral and emotional struggles within, rather than between, characters. The imaginary reality created within its pages is enduring, since the values upon which it is built are those of courage, individual freedom, integrity, and love. Indeed *Jane Eyre* is a great experience.

Questions for Discussion

1. Which characteristic of Jane Eyre is most appealing to you? Discuss.
2. Why is a knowledge of Charlotte Bronte's personal life so vital a preliminary to reading *Jane Eyre*?
3. What is Miss Bronte's great contribution to English fiction?
4. Discuss the justice of calling Jane Eyre "the first modern woman."

Social Science—The Constitution of the United States

Lesson 7—The Great Compromises of the Constitution and the Fight for Ratification

Elder Albert R. Bowen

For Tuesday, May 25, 1954

Objective: To become familiar with the great issues of the Constitutional Convention and how those issues were compromised, and to observe the devices used to create "checks and balances" as a means of protecting the fundamental freedom of the individual. Also to point out that the Constitution was one of the most thoroughly studied and debated documents ever presented to a nation for adoption.

New Framework of Government

REFERENCE has already been made to the fact that the Constitutional Convention, held at Philadelphia, was called for the ostensible purpose of revising and strengthening the Articles of Confederation. This was the recommendation of the Annapolis Convention (see lesson 5) in addressing Congress with a petition to call such a convention. In the minds of many of the delegates, ideas had been germinating for a long time regarding concrete steps which would have to be taken to remake the National Government.

James Madison was the leader in this regard. He was twenty years younger than Washington, but enjoyed the support and friendship of

that great man. Madison was a student of government and had had many years of experience in government in his native State of Virginia. He it was who was to prove to be chief architect of the Constitution. Madison and his friends came to the Convention determined to do anything necessary to draft a framework of government which would be workable. Furthermore, they came prepared to offer a plan to the delegates.

The debates upon the so-called Virginia resolutions very soon made it apparent that much more than a revision of the existing government was required, and the delegates began the consideration of forming a new government. Gone forever was any idea of revision of the Articles of Confederation.

Three Basic Differences

All of the delegates subscribed to the view that a stronger national union should be set up. The question was the manner and the form in which this should be accomplished. There were three basic difficulties which had to be overcome and finally compromised. The *first* was the fear of the smaller states of being swallowed up and submerged by the larger, more powerful states. The *second* involved the matter of slavery, and the *third*, fear of national taxing power.

Question of Representation

The questions of national representation and taxing power were, by far, the most troublesome of the three. The larger and more powerful states, such as Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, were staunch advocates in favor of a strong national government which would have veto power over the laws of the individual states where state laws should be in conflict with laws passed by Congress. They also wanted representation in Congress determined on the basis of population.

On the other hand, the small states wanted to be protected from the power of the large states, whose representatives in Congress would be able to out-vote them on any basis of proportional representation.

It should be remembered that under the Confederation the states had equal voting power in Congress. The problem was how to reconcile the principle of representation in that body. The small states were fearful that the large states would always dominate the national government and thus exclude them for all practical purposes, from any voice therein. This conflict of interest between the states was the greatest obstacle of all. Each side stated its unalterable determination never to yield.

The Connecticut Compromise

Nevertheless, this great difficulty was solved by the device known as the Connecticut Compromise. Under the Connecticut plan, which was finally adopted, the legislative branch was divided into two houses. The lower house composed of popular representatives elected upon the basis of population was to originate all revenue bills. On the other hand, the small states were to have equal representation in the upper house, or Senate, which was to be chosen by the legislatures of each state.

It was agreed that the Senate should have the power to propose amendments to the revenue bills, even though it could not originate them. The smaller states were mollified because the principal of equal representation had been preserved in the Senate, in which place they would be able to make their voices heard on all national issues. By conceding equal representation to the small states in the Senate, the larger states were given a considerable degree of control and voice in the matter of raising revenues, which would naturally fall more heavily upon them, because taxes, like representation in the House of Representatives, would be based upon population. The solution of this great problem required, by far, the most time consumed in drafting the Constitution. Once it was solved and agreed upon, a solid foundation for agreement on all other questions in dispute was laid, and upon this great compromise the success of the Convention became solidly assured.

Problems Presented by Slavery

On the issue of slavery, of course, the dispute was between the slave-holding and non - slave - holding states. This dispute did not concern the abolition of slavery, as some have erroneously supposed. As a matter of fact, slavery had become a well-accepted social institution in America. There was, of course, some sentiment against it, but not to the point of becoming a movement which threatened its existence. In general, the non-slave-holding states were, in principle, against any further importation of slaves. Maryland and Virginia were not greatly concerned about having the slave population increased because they were well supplied. In the Carolinas and Georgia, however, the need for slaves had not been satisfied, and these states were anxious to have the trade continue.

The next serious issue related to slavery was on the question of whether the slaves should be counted as part of the population in determining the matter of representation in Congress. The decision having already been made that population should determine representation in the House of Representatives, how then should these slaves be regarded? Should they be counted as property or as persons? The slave-holding states, in addition to not wanting the importation of slaves interfered with, wanted the slaves to be enumerated as part of the population for determining representation in the lower house of Congress. This issue was finally compromised by including three-fifths of the slaves ("The ratio recommended by Congress in their resolutions of April 18, 1783," Farrand, *The Fathers of the Constitution*, page 122) for determining the basis for congressional representation, and by specifically providing that the importation of slaves into the United States would not be interfered with for twenty years.

The non-slave-holding states were the ones in which most of the commercial and manufacturing interests were concentrated. They wanted the National Government to exercise broad powers over commerce between the states and foreign countries and to control navigation. Massachusetts and New York had

already developed substantial shipping interests and American ships, mainly from these states, were already to be found on every ocean. If the maritime states could have their way, the National Government would be given powers which would foster and develop this growing and flourishing trade.

In exchange for the concession to the slave-holding states on slavery, they, in turn, agreed to the granting of broad power to the National Government over commerce and navigation.

Question of National Taxing Power

The third great matter for constitutional debate was the national taxing power. This debate also ended in a compromise. The delegates divided generally according to their sectional interests and also according to the character of their particular economies. States with a diversified economy wanted the national government to raise revenues by taxing the export and import of goods. The states in which the economy was based upon the raising of a single crop, or perhaps two or three crops of agricultural products, were fearful of any power in the hands of the National Government which would permit the taxation of exports.

The Southern States were largely agricultural, one-crop states, naturally fearful of any taxes which might be levied upon the export in foreign trade of the principal source of their wealth. An economy based upon such a narrow base as cotton or tobacco could be easily bankrupted and ruined by an excessive export tax. It was finally agreed that Congress should have power to tax imports, but taxes on exports were expressly forbidden.

Executive Department

There were many other questions debated in the Convention upon which time could be spent to emphasize the monumental task which the Constitutional Convention assumed in framing the Constitution. One of the most interesting questions was that of the executive. When the Convention opened, the delegates had no clear idea of the kind of executive they would set up. They hit upon the unique device of the presidency. This was certainly an innovation in government. The office was unknown in the world. There had never been a chief of state with such a title. At first a multiple executive was debated, but this idea was finally discarded in favor of the single head of the state. The executive was given no power to make laws, only to execute or carry them out. He was given power to veto legislation passed by Congress, but his veto could be overridden by a two-thirds majority in both houses of Congress. It was also provided that a president could be removed by impeachment. He was given power in foreign affairs to negotiate treaties which would be ratified with the advice and consent of two-thirds of the senators present voting to ratify. He could also appoint judges and ambassadors. The appointment of judges was to be for life during good behavior, so while the president could name the judges, he was powerless to remove them.

Judicial Department

The Constitution made provision for a judiciary consisting of a Supreme Court and such inferior courts as Congress should create. The legislative branch, therefore, could provide for courts and judges and fix their salaries. The appointments of judges would, however, be made by the executive with the concurrence of the Senate. Once named, salaries of judges at the time of their appointment could not be cut off or decreased in their amount, and finally, they could only be removed by the process of impeachment. The judicial system set up under the Constitution was to have far-reaching effects upon the American Government. It was not generally realized at the time that the courts would exercise any veto power over the President or Congress. However, that is exactly the way in which the judicial system has worked, because the courts may declare the acts of Congress unconstitutional and void, and may restrain the executive from arbitrary or unlawful exercise of power over the people.

Government of "Checks and Balances"

There were naturally many other problems which had to be resolved, for instance, the terms of office of the members of Congress, the term of office of the President, the admission of new states into the Union, and the machinery of amendment and many other necessary parts of the governmental machinery which had to be devised. The result was to make the United States a government of the people,

Sacred Music
for
CHURCH PIANISTS

..... Chapel Echoes—Peery ..... .75
..... Chapel Musing—Peery ..... .85
..... Concert Transcriptions of Favorite Hymns—Kohlmann ..... .85
. . . Famous Sacred Songs—Peery 1.25
..... Lorenz's Church Piano Classics 1.10
..... Lorenz's Church Pianist Volumes 1, 2, 3 .....Each 1.10
..... Peery's Piano Voluntaries 1.25
..... Piano Hymn Voluntaries—Lorenz 1.10
..... Sacred Piano Album—Gahm 1.25
..... Sunday Piano Music—Presser 1.00

WE PAY POSTAGE

Music Sent on Approval

Use this advertisement as your order blank

DAYNES MUSIC COMPANY
45-47 South Main
Salt Lake City 1, Utah
Please send the music indicated above.
☐ On Approval ☐ Charge
☐ Money Enclosed
Name .....
Address .....
City & State .....

FIRST OF ALL — RELIABILITY
Daynes Music Co.
45-47 SOUTH MAIN STREET
SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH

with "checks and balances" to insure that no one branch of the government would dominate the other two. The states could not be coerced by the Federal Government, but the people of the states were made subject to its laws. Thus, the people of the United States live under a dual system—the state government and the Federal—and are subject to the laws of both.

Signing of Constitution

Because some of the delegates refused to sign the Constitution, Gouverneur Morris devised a form which would give the Constitution the appearance of being unanimously adopted. This was accomplished by writing at the very end. "Done in convention by the unanimous consent of the states present." In order to overcome any appearance of departure from authority given to the convention, which had been instructed to revise the Articles of Confederation, the convention recommended to Congress that the Constitution be submitted to conventions of delegates chosen in each state by the people thereof. This was for accomplishing the indirect ratification of the Constitution by the people. It was not known if a sufficient number of the state legislatures could be prevailed upon to accept the Constitution, and therefore the opening phrase of the Constitution, was made to read: "We, the people of the United States."

Ratification by States

The Second Continental Congress accepted the original draft submitted by the Constitutional Convention without much enthusiasm, and submitted it to the states for ratification without one word of approval or disapproval. The Constitution was to go into effect when ratified by nine states.

The contest over adoption was to prove long and difficult. Delaware acted first and ratified December 7, 1787. Pennsylvania ratified next on December 12, 1787; New Jersey, December 18, 1787; Georgia, January 2, 1788; Connecticut, January 9, 1788; Massachusetts, February 6, 1788; Maryland, April 26, 1788; South Carolina, May 28, 1788; New Hampshire, June 21, 1788. In Delaware, Georgia, and New Jersey, ratification was unanimous. In Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and South Carolina, ratification was by a good majority of the convention delegates, and in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, by slim majorities. Nine states had now ratified, but Virginia and New York had not acted. Without these two very important states, the Union could not hope to be a success. Finally, after a long and hotly contested fight, Virginia ratified on June 25, 1788. This left New York, North Carolina, and Rhode Island still stubbornly outside the Union.

In New York, under the brilliant leadership of Alexander Hamilton, ratification was achieved on July 26, 1788. The Constitution did not provide the kind of government which Hamilton would have preferred. He was by nature an aristocrat. But he set aside his own personal views and worked tirelessly for ratification. It was under his superb leadership that those essays on the Constitution, which have come to be known as *The Federal-*

ist, were published. Fifty of them were written by Hamilton, thirty by Madison, and about five by Jay. These essays are regarded to this day as the most important commentary on the Constitution ever written, and they likewise comprise what is looked upon as one of America's greatest books.

After Congress passed a revenue act making importation of goods from Rhode Island and North Carolina taxable, North Carolina ratified in haste on November 21, 1789. Rhode Island finally capitulated on May 29, 1790.

It must be stated that ratification could never have become completed in such states as Virginia and Massachusetts without the assurance that certain amendments would be added to the Constitution as guaranties to individual liberty. Nearly all of the state constitutions had "bills of rights" appended to or as a part of them. They were statements of principle going back to the days of Magna Charta and the English Bill of Rights, which were so precious in the eyes of liberty-loving Americans. They had been the principles fought for in the Revolution. Who is to say that the delay over ratification was not a beneficent act of Providence to insure that those precious freedoms would receive recognition and become a part of our great charter of liberty, known as the Bill of Rights, the first ten amendments to the Constitution?

Election of Washington as First President

The Union was now complete under the "new roof." In the fall of

THE WORLD'S FINEST PIANOS

Mason & Hamlin
The Stradivari of Pianos

KNABE
The Piano of the Metropolitan Opera

EVERETT
Finest Toned Spinet Piano Built

Cable-Nelson
Finest Low Priced Piano Built

All Obtainable At

Beesley Music Co.

Pioneer Piano People
70 S. MAIN ST. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

VIDA FOX CLAWSON
Announces
Three 1954 Conducted Tours
HAWAII
ALASKA
HISTORIC TRAIN

The HISTORIC TRAIN includes: shrines of the Church, the Pageant at the Hill Cumorah, and many large eastern cities.

For complete details write or phone:

VIDA FOX CLAWSON
966 East South Temple
Salt Lake City, Utah
Telephone 4-2017

HERE'S HOW

To Play the Music You Love . . . At Once, **WITHOUT LESSONS**, Yet With Professional Effect.

THE HAMMOND CHORD ORGAN

Offers This Possibility.

Sounds Impossible, Doesn't It?
Write For Details, or Better,
Come In and Prove It
For Yourself.

GLEN BROS. MUSIC CO.

— "3 BIG STORES" —

Salt Lake ..... 74 So. Main
Ogden ..... 2546 Washington
Provo ..... 57 No. University

The Pride of Your Library!

Your Relief Society Magazines when handsomely bound into permanent yearly volumes acquire new value as excellent reference books.

Just
$2.50 (Cloth Binding)
$3.50 (Leather Binding)
Per Volume

If necessary to mail them to you, the following postage rates will apply.

Distance from Salt Lake City, Utah	*Rate*
Up to 150 miles	.25
150 to 300 miles	.28
300 to 600 miles	.34
600 to 1000 miles	.42
1000 to 1400 miles	.51
1400 to 1800 miles	.60
Over 1800 miles	.69

Leave them at our conveniently located uptown office.

Deseret News Press

31 Richards St. Salt Lake City, Utah

Phone 4-2581

1788 the Congress of the Confederation made preparations to go out of existence by voting for presidential electors to be chosen by election in January 1789, and by making New York the seat of the new government until other arrangements could be made. The elections were held. Washington was elected and installed in office. He it was who was the obvious choice of all. Even during the debates in the Convention, and in conversation, indications to this effect were apparent. When he became president, Washington is said to have expressed preference for this title: "His High Mightiness, the President of the United States and Protector of their Liberties."

The inauguration of Washington marked the opening of a new era in America.

References

Farrand, Max: *The Fathers of the Constitution*, Yale University Press, 1921.

Smith, Joseph Fielding: *The Progress of Man*, pp. 295-299.

Questions for Discussion

1. What were the great compromises of the Constitution?

2. What three branches of government are provided for under the Constitution?

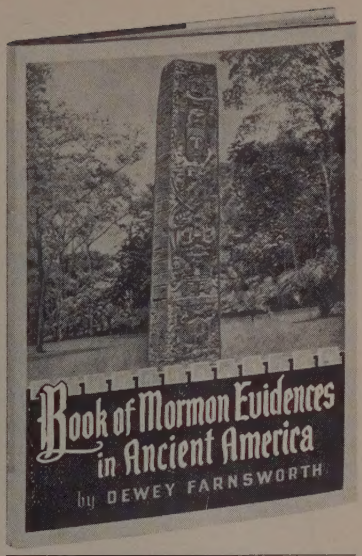
3. Describe briefly how the "checks and balances" of the American Constitution operate to prevent one branch of the government from dominating the other branches of government.

4. Describe the manner in which the Constitution was presented by the Convention to Congress and the people, and by whom it was ratified.

For lasting enjoyment

RELAX

with a good book



1. Book of Mormon Evidences in Ancient America

DEWEY FARNSWORTH

Here is an outstanding book, rich in both illustrations and printed facts. Readers will find the comparison of Book of Mormon scriptures with recent archaeological discoveries startlingly similar. For those who wish to *relive* in their faith the Book of Mormon, this recent publication by Dewey Farnsworth is of utmost significance. **$6.00**

Deluxe—$7.50

2. Pocket Book of Mormon

Cloth—$1.50

3. Life Eternal

LYNN McKINLAY

Here is a book that offers helpful guidance to anyone planning to do Temple work. Temple Ordinances are explained and presented with thoroughness. **$2.00**

4. Gospel Ideals

Selections from the discourses of DAVID O. McKAY

This book contains specific information on all important Church subjects — and, even more than that, it is a volume that will influence and inspire the building of strong, wholesome character. **$4.00**

Deseret Book Co.

44 East South Temple -- Salt Lake City, Utah

Gentlemen:

Please send the following circled books:

1 2 3 4

Enclosed you will find ( ) check ( ) money order or ( ) charge to my account in the amount of .....

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

Utah residents include 2% state tax.

Old-Fashioned Chicken Dinner

made with SEGO MILK

Mary Lee Taylor's Husband Tested Recipe

1. You'll need a 2½ lb. chicken, cut into pieces, to serve four. Pour 1½ cups Sego Evaporated Milk into a bowl and dip each piece of chicken into it. Save the milk that's left for gravy. There should be 1 cup; if not, add more milk.
2. Roll each piece of chicken in a mixture of ½ cup flour, 1½ teaspoons salt, and ⅛ teaspoon pepper.
3. Brown chicken slowly in a skillet in ¼ inch hot fat about 30 minutes, or until drumstick is tender when pierced with a fork.
4. Remove chicken (keep hot). Drain fat from skillet, then put 2 tablespoons fat back into skillet. Mix in 2 tablespoons flour, ¾ teaspoon salt, few grains pepper. Stir in 1 cup water. Boil and stir for two minutes.
5. Stir in the 1 cup of saved milk and heat till steaming hot, but do not boil. Serve the hot gravy with the fried chicken, mashed potatoes, and whole kernel corn for a real American chicken dinner.

Meal That Makes Lips Smack!

Crisp, golden-brown chicken that's tender clear through . . . when you dip it in Sego Milk before frying. The gravy's always rich and creamy smooth because Sego Milk is twice as rich as ordinary bottled milk.